

FAME ^{AND} FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

A PAIR OF JACKS, OR THE SMARTEST MESSENGERS IN WALL ST.

BY A SELF MADE MAN.
AND OTHER STORIES



As Broker Stanley sprang upon the table to get at the boy, Jack Randall seized him by the leg and stopped him. "Let go!" cried the irate broker, trying to kick off his grip. Jack only held on the tighter.

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A PAIR OF JACKS

—OR—

THE SMARTEST MESSENGERS IN WALL STREET

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD WHITE-HAIRED MAN.

"Who's the gent, Randall?" asked Jack Burch, junior messenger for the brokerage firm of Davis & Green, No. — Wall Street, nodding towards the door of the private room where Mr. Davis saw the more important visitors who called on the firm.

"His name is Hawksworth—that's all I know about him," replied Jack Randall, the senior messenger of the establishment.

Randall and Burch were known in Wall Street as a pair of Jacks, not only because their first names were identical, but because they worked in the same office, and were great chums as well.

In order to avoid confusing them one with the other they were always addressed by their last names, and they had got into the habit of so addressing themselves.

Randall invariably answered Mr. Davis' call when he was in the office, ran the majority of his errands and looked after the senior partner's visitors, while Burch performed a similar service for Mr. Green.

The boys were both orphans, and lived with a poor widow named Watson, whom they regarded almost as a mother, in a dilapidated, old-fashioned private house in one of the lower East Side streets.

What they didn't know about New York in general, and Wall Street in particular, is hardly worth mentioning.

"Hawksworth," said Burch. "Kind of swell name. Sounds English to me. Has he been here before?"

"Never to my knowledge."

"New customer, then. Looks as if he had money to burn."

"Oh, fine feathers don't always make fine birds."

"Did you notice the ring he wears on the little finger of his left hand?"

"Yes. Rather an odd one—a white skull and crossbones on a black enameled band. By the way, I think we'd better close out our deal in L. & M. There doesn't seem to be anything in it. We've had that stock a month now and we won't make over a dollar a share profit on it—\$25 apiece. We can do better with our money."

"If you know how we can do better, go ahead and do it. Whatever you do goes with me, you know," said Burch.

"All right, old man. I'll sell out as soon as I get a chance to go around to the little bank, and I'll tell the margin clerk to put the money into A. & C., as far as it will go," said Randall.

The \$500 the two boys had pooled to put up as marginal security on 50 shares of L. & M. they had made out of the stock market during the last eighteen months.

They had participated in a number of small deals with varying success, and their total profit to date amounted to about \$600.

As Randall spoke the door of the private room opened and Mr. Hawksworth came out, walked to the door opening on the corridor and took his departure.

A moment or two later Mr. Davis rang his electric bell and Randall responded.

"This package contains five \$1,000 bonds of the D. & L. Railroad," said the broker to his messenger. "I want you to take them to the secretary's office in the Parker Building, on the tenth floor, and have them passed upon."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, taking the package and leaving the room.

Reaching the Parker Building, one of the elevators quickly carried him to the tenth floor.

The office of the secretary of the railroad company was in the second corridor, running at right angles with the main one.

The number of the room was 1064.

As Randall turned the corner he ran smack into the arms of an elderly, white-headed and white-bearded man, whose eyes were hidden behind a pair of green goggles.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I didn't—"

Then something unexpected by the young messenger happened with great rapidity.

The old man's hand shot out and a hard object collided with the boy's head.

A myriad of stars and red flashes swarmed across his brain.

He felt himself falling—falling as if from a great height. There was a shock and his senses forsook him.

When Randall came to his senses he was lying on a leather-covered sofa in a strange office and two men were bending above him.

One of them was bathing his head with cold water, while the other was pouring some brandy from a small glass down his throat.

Some of the spirit went the wrong way and he coughed spasmodically and sat up.

When he was somewhat recovered the gentleman holding the glass said:

"How do you feel now, young man?"

Randall stared at him.

"Feel!" he said, in a dazed kind of way. "What's the matter with me?"

"The matter is that we found you unconscious outside the door of this office, with a swelling on your head near your left ear. I should think you'd have some idea of how you came to be in that condition."

The boy looked at the floor, as if seeking inspiration from the handsome rug which covered it.

"You found me unconscious with a lump over my ear. That's funny. Where am I, anyway?"

"In my office on the tenth floor of the Parker Building."

His words, "The tenth floor of the Parker Building," acted like a charm on the messenger.

In a moment everything was clear to him.

He remembered the errand which had brought him to the building, and the encounter he had had with the old man with the white hair and beard.

How such an old chap could have knocked him out with a single blow was a matter of surprise to him.

Why he had struck him perplexed him not a little, for though he had bumped into the old fellow, the collision hardly amounted to anything.

Certainly it was not serious enough to call for retaliation.

Suddenly the boy thought about the valuable package he was carrying to the office of the secretary of the D. & L. road.

He looked about him for it, but could not see it.

"I had a package with me—a valuable package—where is it?" he asked, with considerable eagerness and anxiety.

"A package!" exclaimed the gentleman. "I know of none. Did you see such a thing, Mr. Moss?" he added to the other man.

"No, sir, I did not."

"Better look out in the corridor. Maybe it's there."

Moss opened the door and looked carefully around, but there was no sign of a package of any kind in the corridor, and he so reported.

"Good gracious!" cried Randall. "Somebody must have taken it—maybe the old man who struck me down."

"You say an old man struck you down?" said the gentleman of the office, looking hard at the boy. "Why should he have attacked you? He must have hit you with a hard, blunt instrument of some kind. His fist wouldn't have raised the swelling you've got."

Randall explained all he knew about his encounter with the white-haired man.

"Why, we passed that party when he got out of the elevator, Mr. Black," spoke up Moss.

"Now that you mention the fact, I believe we did," said Mr. Black.

"I noticed that he had a small, oblong package in his hand about so big," continued Moss.

"That was my package," cried the young messenger, excitedly. "The old rascal made off with it after laying me out. How long ago was it that you passed him?"

"Fully a quarter of an hour or more," replied Moss.

"He's out of the building, and it would be mighty hard to find him now," said Randall, with a glum look. "I'm in a nice hole. That package contained five \$1,000 D. & L. Railroad bonds that I was carrying to the secretary of the road to verify."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Black, with some interest. "You were coming to my office, then?"

"Your office! Are you the secretary of the D. & L.?"

"Yes."

"And this is your office?"

"It is. Who sent you here?"

"Mr. Davis, of Davis & Green, stock brokers, Wall Street."

"Have you a memorandum of the bonds with you?"

"No, sir."

"Doubtless your employer has such a record at his office. Mr. Moss, look up the telephone number of Davis & Green, Wall Street, and get into communication with Mr. Davis. Tell him what has happened to his messenger, and give him a description of the old man who walked off with the package. Describe his appearance as accurately as you can to Mr. Moss, young man. No time must be lost in notifying the police," said Mr. Black.

Randall gave Moss as clear a description of the white-haired man as he could recall.

It was fairly accurate, considering the brief look he had had of him.

By that time the boy felt comparatively all right again.

The only remainder of the unpleasant incident was a palpitating pain over his ear, and the knowledge of his loss of the package, but that was enough to make the messenger feel about as mean as dirt, to use his own expression.

There was nothing to be gained by remaining longer at the secretary's office, so he took his leave, wondering what kind of a reception he'd get from Mr. Davis.

On his way back to the office, Randall ran up to the little bank, closed out the deal on L. & M. at a profit of \$50, and

ordered the \$550 coming to him and Burch to be invested in 55 shares of A. & C., which was going up, and promised a whole lot better results than L. & M., which, to use Randall's expression, had proven a frost.

CHAPTER II.

DETECTIVES ON THE CASE.

Burch was out when Randall reached the office, and he knocked at the door of the private room, feeling very much like a criminal who was about to face a judge.

"Come in!" said the voice of the senior partner.

The young messenger walked into the room.

By that time the broker knew all about the loss of the package of D. & L. bonds, and had communicated not only with the regular police, but with the Wall Street Detective Agency, and he expected a man from the latter place shortly.

"So you lost that package of bonds right at your destination?" said Mr. Davis, regarding the boy in his customary way. "Sit down in this chair and tell me all the facts."

Randall did so.

"It is very singular he should attack you in such a savage way because you accidentally bumped into him," said the broker, knitting his brow. "And it is still more singular that he should steal that package from you as you lay unconscious. Respectable old gentlemen don't act as this person did."

"That's right, sir," nodded the boy.

At that moment a detective from the agency was announced.

He was invited to walk in.

Mr. Davis gave him an outline of the case and then referred him to Randall for the particulars.

The young messenger recounted the brief encounter he had had with the old man, and what happened afterward in the office of the secretary of the D. & L. road.

"The gentleman named Moss asserted that he saw the package you had brought to the building in the old man's hand," said the detective. "How did he know that it was the same package?"

"He didn't; but I recognized it from his description."

"Describe the package."

Randall did so.

"I suppose you have a memorandum of the bonds, Mr. Davis?" said the officer to the broker.

"I have."

"I shall want a copy."

"You shall have it," replied the trader, taking the memorandum out of a pigeon-hole of his desk and copying it on a pad.

The detective got a description of the white-haired man from Randall and then took his departure.

When the boy returned to his seat outside he found Burch, who had just returned from the bank.

He told his friend all about the incident in the Parker Building.

Burch naturally was astonished.

"Five thousand dollars' worth of bonds is a big amount to lose," he said.

"I should say so!" replied Randall.

"How did Mr. Davis take it?"

"Never made a kick with me. You wouldn't think I had lost anything."

"What steps has he taken to recover the bonds?"

"The matter is in the hands of the detective agency."

Burch looked at the swelling on his friend's head.

"What did the old rascal hit you with?" he asked.

"I don't know. Something hard. The sensation wasn't pleasant, though it didn't last more than a moment or two, for I lost my senses."

"Maybe the old chap was a crook in disguise who was lying in wait for a good thing like you to turn up."

"He might have been. It seems to me that a feeble old man couldn't have laid me out so effectively as that chap did."

"He might with a weapon. That bump looks as if it had been made with a slung-shot."

"Only crooks carry such things."

"The more reason why he was probably one of the fraternity. There are old crooks as well as young ones."

"The more I think about the chap the more confident I feel

that he was disguised. Had he really been as venerable as he looked I don't think he could have pulled that trick off on me. The whole thing happened as quick as a flash. A real old white-headed fellow couldn't have been so active. It is my opinion his hair and beard were false."

"I wouldn't be surprised but you are right. Was that detective who was in the office with you and the boss?"

"Yes."

"You told him all the facts?"

"Of course."

"Did he think the old man was disguised?"

"He didn't say what he thought."

"Did Mr. Davis notify Police Headquarters, too?"

"He did."

"I suppose a sleuth from the detective bureau will be here soon to see you?"

"Very likely."

As Randall spoke the door opened and admitted a small, wiry-looking man, with a Hibernian cast of countenance.

"This is the office of Davis & Green, I believe?" he said.

"Yes, sir," replied Randall.

"Is Mr. Davis in?"

"He is. Want to see him?"

"I do."

"Your name, please, and your business with him."

"My name is Dolan. My business—well, you can tell him I was sent here from Police Headquarters."

"I understand. I'll announce you."

Randall did so and was told to show the man in and remain himself.

Dolan introduced himself to the broker as a member of the detective bureau.

"You telephoned that a messenger of your office had been knocked senseless in the Parker Building by an old man he met in one of the corridors, and robbed of a package of bonds."

"Yes, sir. This is the boy who was assaulted and robbed. You will get all the facts from him," said Mr. Davis, nodding at Randall.

"I will listen to your story, young man," said the sleuth, giving the young messenger a keen look.

Randall rehearsed the incident.

"Where were you struck?" asked the officer.

The boy showed him the swelling.

The detective looked at it critically.

"Hum!" he said. "Evidently done by a slung-shot. The man was probably a crook. Describe him."

Randall did so.

"White hair and beard, eh? He was disguised, without doubt. There was force behind that blow you received. The fellow was hiding, and sprang out on you?"

"Not exactly. I told you I ran into him as I turned the corner of the second corridor."

"Amounts to the same thing. He was waiting for you."

"Why should he have been waiting for me?"

"Knew you had the package of bonds."

"How could he know that? There was nothing about the package to show that it contained valuable securities."

"I suppose you had the package in your hand?"

"Yes."

"Carried it from the office that way, I suppose."

"Yes."

"Did you go direct to the Parker Building?"

"I did."

"What floor was the job pulled off on?"

"The tenth."

"There are several elevators in the building?"

"Five."

"All in one place?"

"The five are. There may be one or two others in another part of the building, but I hardly think so."

"Did you have to wait for an elevator any time?"

"A minute maybe."

"That's all for the present. By the way, whose office were you taken into?"

"Secretary's of the D. & L. Railroad. Room 1064."

"All right," said the detective, making a note on his cuff.

He got up and said he would look into the matter.

"I will probably call in the morning," he said to the broker.

"What hour are you here?"

"A little before ten. I can be down earlier if it's any accommodation to you," said Mr. Davis.

"It isn't necessary. Where do you live?"

The broker told him.

"You have a telephone in your house, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Number, please. I may want to call you up."

Mr. Davis gave it to him and that went down on the sleuth's cuff under the broker's address.

The detective then nodded and took his departure.

"No flies on him, sir," said Randall.

"No," replied Mr. Davis. "Help me on with my coat. I'm going home."

Randall made himself useful, and shortly afterward he and Burch left the office for the day, too.

CHAPTER III.

THE DISCOMFITURE OF BROKER STANLEY.

A week passed away and Detective Dolan made no discoveries.

Hawksworth called in a couple of days to collect the price of the bonds, but Mr. Davis put him off with the statement that the bonds had to be looked up before he could sell them, and told him to drop in again in a few days.

The gentleman made no objection and said he would call on Saturday.

Randall was in the office when Hawksworth called at a few minutes after eleven on the following Saturday.

After announcing the visitor, he showed him into Mr. Davis' private room.

Hawksworth did not remain long, and when he came out there was a look of satisfaction on his face.

As he stroked his black, silky mustache on the way to the outer door, Randall noticed the skull and crossbones ring again.

Hawksworth was about to open the door when it was opened by somebody else on the other side.

The somebody else was Detective Dolan.

The moment Hawksworth's eyes rested on his face he turned away abruptly, drew out his handkerchief and began to cough violently.

The sleuth had caught a half glance at the gentleman's physiognomy and it looked somewhat familiar to him.

That was enough of itself to interest him in the broker's visitor.

He stopped and looked at him intently, but Hawksworth was coughing away to beat the band, with his face buried in the folds of the handkerchief, at the same time he was edging toward the door.

"You have a very bad cough, sir," said the detective.

Hawksworth partly removed the handkerchief, apparently to reply, but another paroxysm seized him.

"Air—air!" he gasped. "I must have air!"

He forced himself by the sleuth, opened the door and passed outside.

Dolan opened the door after the gentleman shut it and listened.

Hawksworth was walking rapidly toward the elevator, and still coughing with very little intermission.

He signaled a descending cage and went down.

The detective shut the door and then told Randall to announce him.

"Well, Mr. Dolan, have you got a clue to the bonds?" asked Mr. Davis, when the sleuth presented himself in the room.

"I'm sorry to say I have made no discoveries so far, sir. By the way, who was that gentleman who just left your office? Tall, well-built, black mustache—"

"Oh, that was Mr. Hawksworth. He's the gentleman who owns the stolen bonds."

"Indeed!" replied the sleuth, half shutting his eyes. "One of your regular customers?"

"No, I never saw him previous to the day when he ralled with the bonds and arranged with me to sell them for him."

The detective looked interested.

"After he left your office you sent the bonds to the secretary of the company which issued them."

"Yes."

"Is that the usual procedure?"

"Oh, no; but when a customer offering securities for sale is a stranger to us we deem it a simple matter of precaution to not only secure the company's guarantee of the genuineness of the securities, but to see that they have not been listed as stolen from the rightful owner."

"I see. Did you tell Mr. Hawksworth that you intended to send the bonds he left with you to the secretary's office?"

"Certainly not."

"Still it is possible he might have been wise to the method you followed?"

"It is quite possible that he is familiar with the way things are done in Wall Street, but what bearing has that on the case of the stolen bonds?"

"A very important bearing. Mr. Hawksworth holds your receipt for five \$1,000 bonds, doesn't he?"

"He does."

"If the bonds are lost while in your possession you have to make good their value, I take it."

"Of course."

"Very good. This thing has the ear-marks of a put-up job to me."

"A put-up job!" exclaimed the broker.

"Yes. This man Hawksworth, you say, is a stranger to you. He called a week ago and left five \$1,000 bonds with you for sale. Shortly afterward you sent those bonds to the company's office for verification, though chiefly, I take it, to make sure that your customer was rightfully entitled to dispose of the bonds. When your messenger reached the corridor where the company's office is he was set upon by a white-haired old man, knocked senseless and robbed of the bonds. The white-haired old man was simply a disguised accomplice of your customer, Hawksworth."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished Mr. Davis.

"And Hawksworth himself, I am now satisfied, is a disguised crook. I met him at the door as I was coming in and I thought there was something familiar about him. His face, minus his mustache, is probably in the Rogue's Gallery."

"You astonish me, Mr. Dolan."

"The whole scheme, I suspect, was pre-arranged beforehand. Hawksworth was to leave the bonds with you for sale and get a receipt for them. They are doubtless stolen ones, the loss of which has not yet been discovered by the owner, for their theft has not yet been reported in the papers, or known at headquarters. Hawksworth evidently believed that you would send the bonds to the company's office, and he posted an accomplice in the Parker Building to waylay your messenger and get the bonds away from him. With your receipt in his possession he felt confident of bleaching you out of the value of the securities. He could then go to Boston or Philadelphia and either try to work off the bonds in the regular way, or perhaps repeat the same game if he could."

"Your statement is quite plausible, Mr. Dolan. If true it will relieve me of an embarrassing predicament. I have arranged with Mr. Hawksworth to pay him for the bonds on Monday. I expect him at three in the afternoon. You had better be here at that hour."

"I'll be on hand, if I do not round the gentleman up in the meantime. I have some doubts as to whether Hawksworth will call on you again. I believe he recognized me at the door and understands by my presence here that I am on the case. These gentlemanly crooks are wary birds, so it is probable he will figure that the risk of realizing on your receipt is too great for him to chance."

"If you suspected that this man was not what he represented him to be, why did you not detain him?"

"I should have done so had I known he was the person who left the bonds with you; but I only caught a passing glance of his face, and though his actions were a bit suspicious, the fact that he appeared to be one of your customers, or a respectable caller, prevented me from taking any action which might have involved me in a predicament had my suspicions proved unfounded."

The broker nodded.

"Then you think he will not call to collect the value of the bonds?" he said.

"If he is really a crook, as I feel satisfied from the deductions I have formed that he is, he probably will not, unless he has more than ordinary nerve, and is prepared to risk his liberty against five thousand dollars. At any rate, I will be here at the designated time to take part in the interview. It is quite possible, however, that he might call an hour earlier than the time set, in order to avoid a possible trap. Should he do so you must put him off."

"Visitors never reach me unless I chose to have them admitted to this room, so this Hawksworth is not likely to secure an interview before the time arranged unless he waylaid me out in the corridor, or on the street, in either of

which cases I shall refuse to discuss business with him," said Mr. Davis.

"Very good. That is all. I will return to headquarters and look up the photos in our gallery of crooks to see if I can refresh my memory concerning this man. If we have his picture that will establish his identity, for I never forget a face that I have once had a square look at, you may look for me Monday."

With those words, Detective Dolan bowed himself out.

"The sleuth was some time with the boss. I wonder what he's found out about the stolen bonds?" thought Burch, who was sitting in the reception-room.

At that moment Randall came in from an errand he had been out on.

He walked over and sat down beside Burch.

"I see Dolan was here. I suppose you don't know whether he's made any discoveries or not yet?" he said to his friend.

"I couldn't tell you anything about it. All I know is he was closeted for some time with Mr. Davis."

"Well, I'm not going to lose any sleep over the matter. I suppose you noticed that A. & C. went up to 102 and a fraction soon after eleven."

"Yes. Did you take advantage of it and sell? Twelve dollars a share profit is worth freezing on to."

"I did. A boom like that is often followed by a slump, so I thought a bird in the hand is better than two in the bush."

"That's right," nodded Burch, with a look of satisfaction. "Our profit will amount to about \$660 on this deal."

"Then we may consider ourselves worth \$1,300," said Burch. "We seem to be going some."

"Yes, we're doing very well. As I don't believe in letting our money remain idle, I told the margin clerk to buy 100 shares of D. & G. for our account at the present low market figure, and take the margin out of the \$1,200 due us. Does that meet with your approbation, pard?"

"Sure. D. & G. is a good stock and it is certain to rise in the near future."

Just then the door opened and admitted a young broker named Stanley.

This was the third time he had been in that morning to see Mr. Davis, but he hadn't seen him, just the same, for both boys had orders to sidetrack him.

Just why Mr. Davis didn't care to see Broker Stanley the young messengers had no idea.

Furthermore, they didn't care.

All they had to do with the matter was to obey orders.

The visitor looked a little heated, as if he had been walking fast.

"Mr. Davis in?" he asked, in a tone and manner that seemed to indicate that he considered an affirmative reply almost superfluous.

"Yes, sir, but he's engaged," replied Randall.

"He's been engaged every time I called this morning. It's after twelve, and I've simply got to see him."

"All right. Sit down and wait."

"How long will I have to wait?" snapped Stanley.

"I couldn't tell you, sir."

"Go in and tell Mr. Davis that my business is important and that I can't wait."

Randall didn't intend to carry in any such message, but at that moment Mr. Davis rang his bell so that the boy had to go in.

He found the senior partner alone and closing down his desk preparatory to leaving for the day.

"Mr. Stanley is outside, sir, and is in a great sweat to see you," said Randall.

"Keep him there till I get away. I don't want to see him. Help me on with my overcoat."

Randall did so, then let the broker out by his private entrance and locked the door after him.

Outside in the reception-room Stanley was walking up and down the floor in a state of great impatience.

Finally he stopped in front of Mr. Davis' door.

He thought Randall had been in there a mighty long time. "Does it usually take that side-partner of yours such a long time to announce a visitor?" he said, sarcastically, to Burch.

"Did you speak to me, sir?" asked the boy, with an innocent look.

"Yes, I spoke to you!" cried Stanley angrily. "What's keeping him in there?"

"Really I couldn't say. I'm not a mind-reader," drawled Burch.

"Confound your impertinence! For two cents I'd ring your ear!"

"I didn't know you exerted yourself on such a cheap basis," replied the boy.

"What's that?" roared the visitor.

"I'll see if I've got two cents in my clothes," grinned Burch.

Broker Stanley got red in the face and made a dash at the young messenger.

Just then Randall opened the door of the private room.

Burch sprang up and shoved the chair between him and the angry caller.

Stanley fell over it and hurt his shins.

He saw what had happened, and judging that his friend was in for it he said:

"Jump in here, Burch."

Burch ran in.

The visitor, as he picked himself up, saw where he retreated to and he rushed in after him.

The boys saw him coming and Burch took refuge on the opposite side of the table which stood in the center of the room.

The irate trader started to catch him, but the boy dodged toward one corner of the table and then toward the other, all the time grinning in a way that exasperated the broker.

"I'll break every bone in your body, you young imp!" roared Stanley, stopping before the center of the table and glaring at Burch.

"You'll have to catch me first," retorted the messenger, tantalizingly.

"I'll catch you, you young villain!"

As Broker Stanley sprang on the table to get at the boy, Jack Randall seized him by the leg and stopped him.

"Let go!" cried the irate broker, trying to kick off his grip. Jack only held on the tighter.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STRANGER FROM BUENOS AYRES.

Burch, perceiving the broker's new ruse, had backed away and seized a chair, intending to throw it in front of the trader, as he had previously done outside with such excellent effect, as far as his own interests were concerned.

Finding himself completely blocked by Randall, Stanley was boiling mad.

In his fury he jumped backward.

Randall's grip prevented him from reaching the floor, as he had intended, but it didn't prevent his weight coming on the edge of the table and thereby tilting it up suddenly.

The young messenger shouted to his companion to run, and let go.

As he started to skip himself, down went the table with the broker, and Stanley caught a crack in his face, while his hat flew into the air.

The boys concluded to get out of the way as fast as they could, and they made a rush for the wash-room at the back of the counting-room.

From the partly open door they watched for what would happen next.

Broker Stanley, on recovering his feet, discovered in addition to his discomfiture by the boys that Broker Davis had taken his departure without according him an interview.

This fact added to his wrath and he issued from the room like a raging volcano, and looked around for the boys.

He saw no signs of them.

He suspected that they had fled into the corridor, and out he went in search of them.

Of course, they were not there.

After walking up and down the corridor for five minutes in a fume, he came to the conclusion that they had hid themselves in the counting-room.

It was now going on one o'clock and work in the office was over for the day.

Broker Stanley knew that, and instead of returning to the office as was his first intention, he determined to lie in wait outside for the boys, and when they appeared to go for both of their scalps.

Randall and Burch had an idea that he might do that, so after they received their pay envelopes they told the margin clerk what they were up against, and the reason, and asked

him to return after he went to the elevator and let them know whether the coast was clear or not.

The margin clerk went out with the second bookkeeper, and he saw Broker Stanley standing near the elevator, evidently waiting for somebody.

Then he remarked, aloud, that he had forgotten something; he returned to the office in a hurry.

"Well, is the gent laying for us?" asked Randall.

"Apparently he is, for he's standing by the elevators on the lookout."

"Thanks, Harrison. We're not afraid to meet him, but we don't care to have a scrap in the corridor. Mr. Davis wouldn't like to hear that we were mixed up in such business as that, so we'll just lock ourselves in the office, and let Mr. Stanley cool his heels outside till he gets tired of the amusement," said Randall.

As soon as everybody was out, Randall locked the door and then he and Burch sat down to wait fifteen minutes or so.

When that time limit had expired, Burch said:

"I wonder if he's there yet?"

"I couldn't tell you, but I hardly think he'd be so foolish as to wait so long for us to come out. He must have got cooled down soon, and then I guess he went away," said Randall.

"Well, shall we chance it?"

"I guess so."

Randall unlocked the door and looked out.

The corridor was empty, but he couldn't see the elevators which were around in the middle corridor.

"You hold the fort and I'll go and investigate," he said.

"All right," replied Burch.

Randall tip-toed down to the turn and peeped around the corner.

The space in front of the elevators was clear, so he signaled to his friend to come on.

A descending cage took them on board and they were soon on the street, bound for a lunch-house.

On the following Monday afternoon Detective Dolan was on hand at three o'clock to meet Hawksworth if he called.

He did not call.

Instead of which a messenger boy brought a note from him, informing the broker that he was unexpectedly called out of town and it might be a week or longer before he would be in after his money.

"I thought he wouldn't keep the appointment," said the detective. "He is a wary bird, and he will hold back a while until he thinks it is safe to risk a visit. Should he call before I see you again, make a new appointment with him."

"I will," said the broker, and the sleuth went away.

The week passed without any further sign from Hawksworth, and during that time D. & G. stock, in which the pair of Jacks were interested, went up several points.

On Saturday morning it was up to 90, or ten points higher than Randall paid for it.

After consulting with Burch, it was decided to sell out at that figure, for Randall thought it was doubtful about it going much higher.

"The market looks a bit wobbly to me," he said, "and such a condition does not promise well for prices. I'll try to get to the little bank the next time I am sent out."

Randall found a chance to get rid of their 100 shares of D. & G. before the Exchange closed at noon.

"That puts us another \$1,000 to the good," he said, as he and Burch started for the usual lunch-house after the office closed for the day at one o'clock.

"What shall we do with ourselves this afternoon?" asked Burch after lunch.

"Take a stroll along South street for a change. We can reach home that way as well as any other," said Randall.

Accordingly, along South street they walked, in a northerly direction.

After passing the Brooklyn Bridge the two young messengers walked out on one of the piers to watch a lately arrived brig that was unloading.

She had brought a cargo of hides, and other merchandise from Buenos Ayres.

While the boys were watching the stevedores, a good-looking bronzed young chap, of perhaps thirty, came down the gangplank with a heavy grip in his hand.

Hardly had he touched the wharf when a hard-looking, bleary-eyed old man, in wretched habiliments, wobbled up to him.

"What do you want?" asked the young man.

"Money. I'll carry your bag if you'll pay me something."

"I don't want your help," replied the young man, who did not regard the miserable object with much favor. "If you want a drink, here's a dime. Go and blow yourself."

He tossed the silver piece into the old fellow's hand.

"You're a real gent," said the old soak, in trembling tones. "You've saved my life." Then as he looked into the stranger's face he ejaculated, with the some astonishment, "Why, if it ain't Joe Onion, and with a new suit."

He turned and staggered off up the wharf toward a corner gin-mill.

The young man put down his bag, regarded the retreating bum with wonder, and then noticed the two boys close at hand.

"He's a hard-looking character, isn't he?" he said.

"That's what he is," replied Burch. "Do you belong to that vessel?"

"I did belong to her," replied the young man, "but I've just parted company with her."

"I suppose you were the mate," said Randall.

"Why do you suppose that?" smiled the young man.

"Because you don't look like a common sailor."

"Thank you for the compliment, but you're wrong. I came from Buenos Ayres in that brig, before the mast."

"You don't say," said Burch. "I wouldn't take you for a sailor, either. You look like a gentleman, somewhat in disguise."

"Somewhat in disguise is good," laughed the young man.

"I am the son of a gentleman, and my father is a Buenos Ayres merchant. In fact, I may as well admit that he owns three-quarters of that vessel, besides an interest in others."

"Then why did you come here in her as a sailor. I should think you'd have traveled as a passenger," said Randall, in some surprise.

"It does seem a bit singular, doesn't it?" replied the young man, smilingly. "I had my reasons, however. This is a big town, isn't it?" he said, changing the subject.

"You can gamble on it that it is," said Burch.

"I suppose you are native New Yorkers?"

"You could stake your last cent on that and win," grinned Burch.

"You appear to be a couple of nice lads. May I ask your names?"

"Certainly. We're a pair of Jacks," said Randall.

"A pair of Jacks!" exclaimed the young stranger. "I don't quite catch on."

"That's what we're called in Wall Street. My name is Jack Randall and his is Jack Burch."

"Oh, I perceive the connection," smiled the young man.

"Let me introduce myself. My name is Frank Clark."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Clark," said both the boys, holding out their hands.

The three shook hands in a hearty way.

"Are you connected with Wall Street?" asked Clark.

"We are," replied Randall. "We are both messengers in the same brokerage office. Here is our boss's card."

"Thank you. Wall Street is the money center."

"It certainly is," responded Burch.

"I am very glad to have made your acquaintance. You live some distance from here, I suppose?"

"Not such a great way. We don't belong to the upper strata of society, nor do we rub elbows with the middle ten thousand. We live in a tough neighborhood on the lower East Side, about half a mile from here, with a very nice old lady who has been, and is, a real mother to us."

"You interest me. Now I took you for a couple of well-connected boys. You certainly are very respectably attired."

"We have to dress up-to-date in Wall Street, for there we associate with real gents, and must put on a front for the good of the office if nothing else. When we get home we dispense with these togs for less conspicuous clothes. It wouldn't do to hurt the feelings of the neighborhood that knows us. When you're in Rome always do as the Romans do—that's a good rule to follow, and prevents you from getting disliked," said Randall.

"Upon my word, I rather like you chaps. You have a free-and-easy way about you that is positively refreshing, and at the same time you appear to be pretty well educated. I'll swear there's nothing common about you, no matter where you live."

"We try to do about the right thing as near as we know how, Mr. Clark," said Randall. "That's the way Mother Watson brought us up. She's a widow, who depends on Burch and me, and a front-room lodger for a living. Just at pres-

ent the front room is vacant, and it makes a difference in her income, which Burch and I try to make up as well as we can."

"You say the front room is vacant? What kind of a house is it? A tenement?"

"No. It's a small, old-fashioned private house, but awfully seedy and out at the elbows. It was built we don't know how many years ago. The locality was very respectable once upon a time, so Mother Watson told us, but the neighborhood has changed so that if the original dwellers came back they wouldn't be able to recognize it. It is now on the edge of the slums."

"I'm looking for a room. I've a great mind to ask you to pilot me around to your place," said Clark.

"We'll do it with pleasure, if you'd care to put up there. You'll find Mother Watson all right. If you've any valuables they'll be safe under her roof-tree, for she's watchful of her lodger's interests. We'd be glad to have you, for you are certainly a real gentleman, and we'll try to make things pleasant for you," said Randall.

"All right, my friends. I'll go around with you and inspect the place. But maybe you're not anxious to go yet. I can await your pleasure," said Clark.

"We've seen all we want on this wharf, and we can walk leisurely up South street together and take in the rest of the sights as we go," said Randall. "Mother Watson's place isn't very far from the river, and we'll soon cut over there as soon as we get abreast of it."

So the pair of Jacks and their new acquaintance walked up the wharf to South street, a hundred yards away, then turning northward again, they slowly pursued their way along the busy river front, pausing every block or two to allow Clark to set down his heavy bag and rest his arm.

CHAPTER V.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

At last the boys brought their new acquaintance to the home of Mother Watson.

"You see this isn't the finest neighborhood in the world," said Randall.

"Well, if you boys can stand it I guess I can," replied Clark.

"Here's the house. Looks a little frayed at the edges, and run down at the heel, as I told you."

"Yes, but you can't always judge what's inside a book by its cover," said Clark.

"I'll bet you can't, and a fine-appearing lodging-house sometimes gives a mighty chilly reception. I'll guarantee you'll have no fault to find with Mother Watson. She's as honest and square as a die. Come inside."

They entered the house and Burch went off to find the old lady, who was down in the basement attending to her domestic concerns.

The boy told her they had found her a new lodger, and steered her up to the little dark sitting-room into which Randall had introduced Clark.

Clark was shown the front bedroom, which was the best apartment in the house, and he agreed to take it on the terms she asked.

He paid a week in advance and took immediate possession.

"You can send for your trunk on Monday," said Randall.

"Haven't such a luxury," laughed Clark. "All my worldly possessions in this country are in that bag."

"From which I judge you didn't intend to stay long away from Buenos Ayres if you left there with so little baggage."

"You're right. Well, I'll be frank with you, boys, for I believe you'll respect my confidence and perhaps you can help me accomplish the object of my visit."

"We certainly won't tell any tales out of school, Mr. Clark; and if we can do you a favor you can count on us," said Randall.

"I believe you. Well, two objects brought me to New York. One was to find my brother."

"Find your brother!" exclaimed Randall.

"Yes. My twin brother. He's almost as like me as one pea to another."

"He must be a mighty good fellow, then."

"On the contrary, I regret to say, he's just the opposite. The likeness between us is in resemblance only. He is the black sheep of the family, and yet I cannot forget that he is my brother," said Clark, soberly.

"So he's a hard case, is he?"

"You shall judge for yourself. From his boyhood up he always leaned in the wrong direction. Many a scurvy trick he pulled off at school, and I suffered for it because he palmed it off on me, and we could be hardly told apart."

"That was rough on you," said Burch. "I should think you would have put up a pretty big howl."

"Naturally, I objected to being made a punching-bag of, as it were, but nevertheless as long as we went to school together I came in for the short end. Well, we'll pass over that unpleasant period. My father moved to Buenos Ayres, and Tad and I went with him."

"Is your brother's name Tad?"

"Yes. We were put to work in the counting-room, and for a while my brother behaved himself pretty decently. In some respects he was cleverer than myself, and by apparent attention to work he got our father to make him cashier. That gave him the handling of the money. Before long I discovered he was running with a fast Buenos Ayres set, and that gambling was his chief diversion at nights. As he lost oftener than he won he had to make good his losses out of money belonging to the business."

"Did he try to lay that on you, too?" asked Burch.

"No, he couldn't. My father found him out one day, and there was a hot time over it. He was told if he repeated the offence he would lose his job as cashier. Two weeks later he failed to appear at the office. During the day my father discovered that he had sailed for Rio de Janeiro on a British ship. Then it was found that he had drawn a considerable sum of money from the bank on a forged check and, of course, had taken it with him. My father was furious over his duplicity. He disowned Tad and cut him out of his will. That was eight years ago, and we have never heard from him direct. A few months ago I indirectly learned that he was in New York City—a wreck and a suspected criminal, living under a false name. I begged my father to have him looked up and brought back. He refused. He said that Tad had made his own bed and must lie in it. Finally a reason came up for my presence in New York. I determined to kill two birds with one stone—to look my brother up myself and reclaim him. My health not being extra, I decided to ship before the mast and rough it. The experience has made a new man of me, and now I am here, eager to begin my search for my erring brother."

"And where do you expect to find him?" asked Randall.

"I don't know, but from the clues I received the chances are his stamping-grounds are the slums. There I shall make my first efforts to find him."

"You'd better not go alone. Get a detective to pilot you around."

"I would rather not take an officer if I could avoid it. I should think if you boys accompanied me the three of us could safely manage to get around."

"We can steer you around to some extent, but there are places we wouldn't walk into for a farm," said Randall.

"Well, I don't want to run either you or myself into actual danger," said Clark. "This is Saturday, and I should think a good evening for us to take a look around the slums so far as you think it advisable to venture. What do you say?"

"I'm with you," replied Randall.

"And I'm on, too," said Burch.

So it was arranged between them that they were to inspect a portion of the shy neighborhoods of the city after dark.

At the time that the pair of Jacks and their new acquaintance were talking in the second floor front room of Mother Watson's house, two men walked into a shabby room of an equally shabby house, a few blocks away.

The man who owned the room as the tenant was a short, chunky chap of perhaps twenty-five years of age.

His name was Dick Dabney, and he was admitted to be one of the cleverest young crooks in the city.

His companion was Hawksworth, the man who left the five D. & L. bonds with Mr. Davis for sale, though that name was only a new alias he had adopted for the occasion.

His real name was Jem Dalton, and he was an English crook as yet unknown to the New York police, except that his photograph and record were on file at the detective bureau, having been sent on from Scotland Yard, London, with a request that his whereabouts be ascertained, for it was suspected he was connected with a recent robbery on a railway train.

The city detectives were looking for him, but had no orders to arrest him as yet.

"Take a seat and make yourself miserable, Jem," said

Dabney, locking the door and then going to a cupboard he produced a bottle of spirits and a couple of glasses, which he placed on the small table in the center of the room.

Both men drew up their chairs, alternately poured some of the contents of the bottle into the glasses, and then drank each other's healths.

"So you say Dolan is on the case?" said Dabney.

"I judged so from his presence at the office of the brokers," replied Dalton, alias Hawksworth.

"He's the sharpest sleuth in the bureau. We've got to be wary."

"I have no reason to believe that he knows anything about me, but nevertheless I deemed it wise not to let him get a good look at my face. A chap can't be too cautious in our business."

"That's what, Jem! Dolan never forgets a face. He's the most dangerous man we are up against."

"Then why doesn't somebody put him out of the way?"

"It's been tried, but hasn't worked."

"Perseverance will land him in the long run."

"Well, what do you think of our chances of collecting the five thousand?"

"I don't know. Davis has arranged to pay for the bonds on Monday afternoon at three, but now that I know Dolan is on the job I'm kind of leary about keeping the engagement."

"You've got to keep it or we'll have to throw up the scheme."

"I'll have to consider the chances between this and Monday."

"Five thousand dollars is a lot of money. We've made a bold play for it, and it would be a pity to throw up our hands when we seem to be on the point of winning. It's cursed unlucky that Dolan is mixed up in it. If it was most any other man I'd say we had a clear field."

"It's good we know he's on, at any rate. Forewarned is forearmed."

The young crook nodded and replenished his glass.

"Look here, Dabney, you never told me where or how you pinched those bonds. I think there ought to be perfect confidence between pals," said Dalton.

"Then I'll tell you now, for I've discovered that I caught two birds with one stone, and the second bird I think promises best of the two," said Dabney.

"Let's hear your story."

"One evening last week as I was strolling up the Drive—"

"You mean Riverside?"

"What else? I was pretty well strapped, and didn't know where I was going to get the price of a meal. The Drive is a good place to air one's brains, particularly on a breezy night, when the wind sweeps across the river. As I was leaning against a tree facing one of the substantial mansions that line the roadway, I saw what I took to be the family come out, get into a waiting auto and drive away."

"Made you feel good to see a party of well-fed and well-to-do persons enjoying life when you were hungry, eh?" laughed Dalton.

"I was thinking of something else."

"What else?"

"I was wondering how many servants were left in the house."

"Then the house had attractions for you?"

"It had a good deal of attraction for me a few minutes later when I saw four persons, two men and two women, come out and walk away. One of the men locked the door in such a careful way that I jumped to the conclusion that the place was left to itself for the time being."

"That was very careless on the part of the servants, but perhaps the house was well wired and connected with the nearest police station."

"I didn't worry about such a thing. All I saw was an unusual chance to make a raise, and I needed it badly enough."

"And you took advantage of it?"

"Well, say, do you think I would let a good thing get by me? I had a jimmy in my pocket, and ten minutes later I was in the house."

"What did you pick up besides the bonds?"

"Very little that I could carry away with ease. In the dining-room I found a strong safe built into the wall. Of course, that held the family plate, and I had no more chance of inspecting the interior than of flying. In the principal bedroom upstairs I discovered another wall safe, and I figured that it contained all the madam's jewelry. If you and me had been there together, with the proper tools, we might

have made a fine haul. The second safe was as much beyond me as the one downstairs, and I had to give it up."

"But you found the bonds in the house, didn't you?"

"Yes, in a tin box, unlocked, and carelessly shoved under a lounge."

"A curious place for such valuable stuff when there were two safes in the house to put them in."

"I didn't lose any time thinking about that. I stuffed the bonds in my pocket and shoved the box back under the lounge. After picking up a few trifling objects, which I have since pawned, I went downstairs to the pantry and made a good meal off the nice food I found there. Then I left the house and walked away, feeling much better, for I was calculating on what the bonds would fetch."

"You called on me and we figured out the plan which we put into successful execution, and now only the shadow of Dolan stands between us and the game," said the English crook.

"Right you are, Jem. Now, while the first bird is simmering on the fire of expectation we'll talk about the second."

"Did this second bird come out of the same house?"

"It did."

"You didn't mention the fact before."

"A good thing will always keep."

"I am curious to learn what this good thing is," said Dalton.

"You couldn't guess if you cudgeled your wits for a month."

"I thought it was a diamond ornament of some kind that looked too valuable for you to undertake to pawn."

"Nothing of that sort."

"What was it, then?"

"Just a letter."

"A letter!" exclaimed Dalton.

"From an American merchant named Clark, in Buenos Ayres, South America, to his old friend, Frederick Barnett, of New York City. I found it among the bonds when I looked them over in this room after my return from the Drive."

"What was there about the letter that made it seem valuable to you? A draft for several thousands of dollars which you are figuring on getting cashed?"

"No. There was nothing but the news it contained."

"News! How could that interest you?"

"It did interest me very much, Jem. After I had read the letter twice I saw the possibilities it held for you and me."

"What possibilities?"

"You shall hear. It appears that Barnett, the man to whom the letter was sent and whose house I entered on the Drive, has a daughter whom he is anxious to marry to the son of Clark."

"What about it?"

"There is this about it—the young lady is an heiress in her own right and is willing to marry young Clark, though she has never seen anything more substantial of him than his photo. The letter was an acceptance on old man Clark's part of the proposition made through the girl's father, and he stated that his son would sail directly for the States and present himself to the girl for personal acceptance with a view to an immediate union."

"Say, Dabney, what are you getting at?" asked Dalton, impatiently.

"It's coming," said Dabney.

"So is Christmas," growled the Englishman.

"Now I happen to know that Clark, of Buenos Ayres, has two sons, and one of them is right here in the city at this moment."

"What if he is?"

"Those two young men are twins and look so near alike that it's hard for one not well acquainted with them to tell them apart."

"Well?" said Dalton, curiously.

"It may be some time yet before the expectant bridegroom reaches this port as he is coming on a sailing vessel. My idea is that you and I take the twin who is in town, put him up to the good thing in sight and have him palm himself off as his brother, marry the Barnett girl and thus feather his nest with her money, provided, of course, that he binds himself to pay us \$10,000 apiece after he gets his flukes on her dust."

"A very nice scheme, Dabney, provided it could be worked."

"It can be worked. Do you know who this twin is?"

"How should I?"

"His real name is Tad Clark, and he's a poor runt who has

gone to the dogs. He's been sent to the Island so often as a vagrant that he must know every foot of ground over there. The only clever thing he ever did was to rob his old man of several thousand dollars when he fled from Buenos Ayres, eight years ago. I've talked with him several times, and while I find that he's willing to be crooked he lacks the nerve to act. That's why he's on his uppers all the time."

"I don't remember having seen him around our haunts."

"You have, and spoken to him, too."

"The name is not familiar to me. Does he travel under another?"

"He does."

"What is it?"

"Joe Onion."

The English crook whistled.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ROOKERY.

That evening, Mother Watson, generous old soul, invited her new lodger to dine with herself and the pair of Jacks—her two boys, as she called them—in the little basement dining-room.

Clark accepted the invitation and the four sat up to the table to partake of a juicy round steak, purchased specially for the occasion, raw fried potatoes, bread and butter and tea, topped off with cake and jelly.

The young man from Buenos Ayres declared that it was the nicest meal he had had since leaving home, and the boys believed him from what they had heard of the fare served out to foremast hands, even in these up-to-date days, when a sailor lives like a lord compared with old times.

Soon after the meal was over the two Jacks and Frank Clark sallied forth together to stroll around the tough parts of the lower East Side.

Randall and Burch were dressed in clothes much the worse for wear, while the young man had on the woollen shirt and the cheap suit he wore when he left the brig.

They walked around the streets without attracting any particular attention for a couple of hours, and during this time the boys piloted their new acquaintance through some very hard localities.

They were passing a low groggery, before the entrance of which a number of tough denizens of the vicinity were lounging, when one of the crowd shouted:

"Hello, Joe, you must have struck it rich all at once. What lay are you on?"

The remarks were clearly addressed to Clark, and the speaker spoke as if he knew him.

"Are you talking to me?" asked the somewhat surprised young man.

"Who else, my pippin? Why, you're lookin' as fine as silk, and as fat as butter 'longside what you did the other day. Name me if you look like the same chap. If I wasn't dead sure that you're Joe Onion I'd think you were somebody else."

Clark stared at the rough-looking young man and for a moment or two was greatly puzzled, then suddenly the truth flashed across his brain—this fellow mistook him for his twin brother.

It was clear to him that his brother was known in that neighborhood.

"So you think I'm Joe Onion, eh?" said Clark, looking the chap squarely in the face.

The expression in the speaker's face was new to the tough, as was the voice.

"Why, who in thunder are you if you ain't Onion?" growled the fellow. "You've got his mug, I'll swear."

"I'm his brother."

"His brother! Never knew Onion had one. You're givin' me taffy, I guess. Trying to pretend you ain't Joe, 'cos you've made a stake somewhere and are puttin' on a bit of style. It won't work with this chicken. I wasn't born yesterday."

"You're wrong, my friend. I'm not Joe Onion, but his brother Frank. I'm looking for him. You'll do me a great favor if you'll tell me where I'm likely to find him. I want to meet him the worst way."

Clark spoke so earnestly that the tough could not but understand that things were not what they seemed to him.

"Well, if you're his broher you're the dead image of him in the face," he said.

"There's nothing strange about that, considering we are twins," replied Clark.

"Twins, eh? Well, I'll be jiggered. And your name is Frank. It's funny Joe never told me he had a brother. So you want to meet him?"

"Very much."

"Will you stand beer for the crowd if I take you where he generally hangs out?"

"I will," replied Clark, eagerly.

"It's a bargain. Follow us inside here and stump up."

"Come in with me," said Clark to the two Jacks. "This is a tough joint."

The boys followed their friend and the rough bunch in and stood back while the others ordered beer.

"My name is Sullivan," said the tough to Clark. "Don't your friends drink?"

"No."

"What's their names? I've seen them before somewhere around here."

Clark told him the names of his companions.

"Where do you hang out?" asked Sullivan. "You look as if you'd been to sea."

Clark informed him where he was lodging, and admitted that he had just come off a sea-going vessel.

"If you're ready we'll hike along," said Sullivan, after all hands had imbibed.

Telling his cronies that he would be back after a while, he, Clark and the boys started off together.

"Where are you taking us to?" asked Clark.

"Where? Why to the Rookery, of course. That's where your brother hangs out most of the time when he ain't taking a vacation on the Island."

"That's a fierce joint, Mr. Clark," whispered Randall. "It's the worst place in this part of town, and dangerous for strangers to venture into."

"But if my brother is there," said Clark, "I care not for the danger. You lads can wait outside for me."

"We don't desert you if you're determined to go in. Burch and me have nerve enough to go anywhere that's necessary."

Clark had no chance to reply as Sullivan remarked:

"You'll be taken for your brother the moment you poke your face inside the Rookery unless he's there, and if he is the crowd will have a fit when they look at the pair of you."

"I've heard that my brother is in hard luck," said Clark.

"Couldn't be in much worse. But it's his own fault."

"How so?"

"He ain't got nerve enough to pinch the price of a square meal if he saw it under his nose and no one lookin'."

"I'm glad to hear that he's not a thief, though he did—but no matter."

"If they are your sentiments don't let it out in the Rookery or some of the gang might not like it. They're all free-and-easy chaps, and some of them have tidy records. Besides, you're likely to meet a veteran or a second-story artist who's done time more'n once up the river. Ikey Bates, who runs the place, used to be on easy terms with the magistrates at the Tombs, but he's reformed, so he says, and doesn't do anything now that's not strictly on the level. At any rate, the cops don't interfere with him, for he comes up with his divvy as regular as clockwork. He's a wise guy, Ikey is; and if he ain't worth a bunch of coin it ain't his fault."

They walked down the block half way and then Sullivan halted before what looked to be an ordinary groggery.

Over the doorway was a sign lit by dim gas-jets, which read, "The Rookery."

It was a notorious place, well known to the police, but never molested because the proprietor paid for "protection."

The saloon was little more than a blind, for the Rookery proper was behind the cross partition, and beyond a number of small rooms, furnished with tables and chairs, crockery match-holders and greasy packs of cards for the convenience of customers who dropped in to play for the drinks.

There was a noisy crowd of hard characters in the saloon, and a red-faced, tough-looking barkeeper waiting on them in his shirt sleeves, though the weather was cool enough on the street for an overcoat.

Most of those present didn't own such a garment, nor did they greatly need one, since they were accustomed to loaf around indoors where there was a stove.

"Here's the joint," said Sullivan to Clark. "Stick close to me."

The four entered in a bunch

They were noticed at once by the crowd in the saloon, but as Sullivan was known as a regular visitor, and Clark and the boys were under his wing, nobody paid particular attention to them.

Sullivan led the way to a door.

Passing through this they found themselves in a narrow passage, off which four doors opened into the little card-rooms, only one of which was occupied then.

At the end of the passage another door admitted them directly into the room called the Rookery.

It was merely a good-sized oblong apartment fitted with chairs and a couple of pool tables, and lighted by smoky gas-jets, unprotected by globes.

The papered walls and calcimined ceiling were discolored with smoke and dirt.

A few cheap sporting prints were suspended against the wall, and torn copies of a notorious weekly, chiefly devoted to pugilistic matters, were lying about.

Perhaps a dozen boys and young men of disreputable appearance were either playing pool or seated near the tables.

All hands were smoking villainous cigars or cigarettes, and half-emptied glasses standing on the railing of the pool tables showed that drinking was also a part of the entertainment.

Ikey Bates, the proprietor, a rat-faced little man, sat perched behind a tall, narrow desk or rostrum against a side wall facing the tables.

He was the presiding genius of the room and he maintained a semblance of order when his customers got too gay, by pounding on his desk with a stout cudgel.

As Sullivan and his companions entered, one of the games was finished and Ikey, finding that the loser didn't come to time quick enough, shouted out, after pounding on his rostrum:

"Mind, I expect every gent as is a gent, and plays pool here, to pay for the table at the end of each game, and no mistake."

That brought up the delinquent to settle at his desk.

At the same time Ikey's sharp eyes did not fail to note the advent of Sullivan and the three strangers.

He peered over at Clark in some surprise, not to say perplexity, for he thought the newcomer was Joe Onion.

His surprise and perplexity were due to the fact that the person known to the Rookery as Onion had only left the room fifteen minutes before, looking like the tramp and miserable object he was.

Now to see what appeared to be Onion returning, toggled out in fairly decent clothes, with a well-fed look in place of his customary famished one, got his goat.

It also got the goat of the crowd, and all present stared at Clark in no small wonder, ignoring the presence of the two Jacks entirely.

"Hello, Sully!" shouted a chap named Smith. "What's happened to Joe? Where did he get toggled out?"

With a shout, the whole bunch made for the newcomers.

"Hey, keep off! This ain't Joe Onion, but his twin brother," said Sullivan.

"What's that? His twin brother!" cried Smith.

The crowd stopped and stared in astonishment.

"Why, he's de picter of Joe," said one of the pool players.

"Where is Joe?" asked Sullivan. "We've come to find him."

"He ain't here, unless dat's him wi' you, and de pair of yer are pullin' off some game on us," said one of the crowd.

"No game at all, my pippins," said Sullivan. "This is Joe's brother, just come to town 'board a ship, and wants to find his brother. So he ain't here? Was he here to-night?"

"Yes," replied Smith. "He left a while ago to hunt for somethin' to eat. Said he hadn't had a bite all day; but he always says that. So this is his brother? What's your first name, cully?"

"Frank," replied Clark.

"Frank Onion, eh? Now that I see you closer I can tell that you ain't Joe, though you look mighty like him. You look like a gent beside him. Now you're here we expect you to treat the house," said Smith.

Sullivan looked at Clark, significantly, which was as much as to say he'd have to ante up.

The young man said he'd stand the beer around.

"Ten beers, Ikey!" cried Smith. "Better order one for yourself and see what Sullivan and his friends are goin' to take."

Bates was prompt to act on the order.

He expected it would come, and pushed an electric button behind him.

A waiter from the bar outside appeared.

He carried off an order for twelve beers and a cigar, as Clark declined to drink, and the pair of Jacks didn't.

Sullivan, Clark and the boys sat down, for the information was supplied them that Joe Onion would surely be back as soon as he had connected with a free lunch counter, or had panhandled somebody for the price of a beef stew.

Clark shuddered as he looked around the den and realized that this was the stamping-ground of his twin brother, and these young ruffians his boon associates.

"Where does he sleep?" he asked Sullivan.

The tough grinned.

Most of this bunch sleep in a stable in the rear when they're not on the Island. Your brother hangs out with them."

At that moment the beer appeared and was passed around. "Be careful, gents, and don't slop the tables," warned the proprietor, as several slapped their glasses on the edge of the pool tables.

"Why don't yer hire a nigger waiter to hold dem for us?" asked one of the toughs, sarcastically.

Somebody shied a bit of cue chalk at Bates on the sly which took him on the nose.

"Who did that?" roared the proprietor, pounding on his rostrum.

A chorus of laughter and guying remarks was all the satisfaction he received.

Then one of the toughs emptied half of his beer down the neck of another as he started to make a shot in the game, and that brought on a scrap between them, which Bates tried to put an end to by coming forward and tapping both the scrappers on the head with his club.

Smith took advantage of the chance to deluge the proprietor's back with beer and then crawl under one of the tables.

A general rumpus looked imminent to the visitors when the door opened and in walked Jim Dalton and his pal, Dick Dabney.

"Hello, Bates, my beauty, what's the row about in this highly respectable establishment of yours?" asked Dabney, in a jocular tone.

The appearance of the newcomers brought the rumpus to a stop, for they were recognized as high tobers, or experienced professional crooks, and were respected and looked up to in consequence.

"Great Scott, Burch!" whispered Randall, recognizing Dalton. "That's Hawksworth—the man who left the stolen D. & L. bonds at our office for sale."

"Hawksworth!" returned Burch. "You're dreaming. He was a gentleman, with a long, silky mustache, and the swell-est of clothes; while this chap—"

"It's Hawksworth. He's changed, but I know him."

"What makes you so sure of that?"

"The white skull and cross-bones ring on his little finger."

Burch looked, saw and gasped.

It was Hawksworth, after all!

CHAPTER VII.

SOMETHING DOING IN THE ROOKERY.

At that moment Dabney saw Sullivan, Clark and the pair of Jacks seated against the wall.

He nodded to the former and then his eyes rested on Clark in not a little astonishment.

The crook thought he was looking at Joe Onion, the person he and Dalton had come there to meet, and he was surprised at the improvement in the presumed Onion's personal appearance.

"Why, blow me, Joe," he cried, walking over, "if you haven't cabbaged a suit after all; and I never saw you look better. Tip us your handle and let's hear how you hit the fickle goddess that's given you the cold shoulder these months past."

"My friend," replied Clark, "you are in error. I'm not the person you call Joe Onion."

"What! You're not Joe Onion? Oh, come now, don't try to fool me, my trump. I've seen you too often in your old rags to fail to recognize you in your new ones. Did you muster up enough spunk at last to pinch somebody's clothes? I'm beginning to believe that there's the makin's of a man in you, after all."

"He's givin' it to you straight, Dabney," interjected Sullivan. "He isn't Joe Onion. He's his twin brother, just arrived in town 'board a ship."

Dabney stared at Clark.

The crook was the only one of all the visitors to, and habitues of, the Rookery to whom Tad Clark had confided his real identity and life history.

Dabney knew that Tad had a twin brother named Frank who was with his father in Buenos Ayres, and, as we have shown in a previous chapter, he knew from the letter which came into his hands with the five D. & L. bonds he stole from the residence of Mr. Barnett, on Riverside Drive, that Frank Clark, the twin brother, was on his way to New York aboard a sailing vessel to meet and wed, in all probability, the young lady picked out for him.

Quick as a flash Dabney realized that he was now face to face with the real stumbling-block in the way of the scheme that he and Dalton had mapped out to put through for their own benefit, with the help of Tad Clark, whom they had confidently expected to win over by the dazzling future they were putting in his way.

It was quite clear to the rascal that this twin had come to the Rookery to meet his brother; and it was also clear to him that if the brothers met the scheme that he and Dalton had hatched up was certain to fail.

In fact, it was doomed to fail anyway, now that Frank Clark was in the city, unless he and Dalton took extraordinary means for preventing the newcomer from making himself known at the Barnett mansion on Riverside Drive.

That the young man had not yet presented himself there he believed from Sullivan's words that he had just arrived in town aboard a ship.

Dabney was a resourceful and wide-awake scamp, and it didn't take him more than a few seconds to decide on his course of action.

Holding out his hand a second time, for Clark had not taken it the first time, he said, with a particularly friendly air:

"Well, this is a surprise to me. I'm glad to know the brother of Tad Clark."

Frank looked at him in surprise.

"Then you know that Joe Onion is not my brother's real name?" he said.

"Of course I do," replied Dabney, cheerfully. "Your brother and me have been pals these many moons."

At those words, Sullivan looked his surprise.

He had always supposed that Joe Onion was that person's real name, and therefore had taken it for granted that the young sailor he had brought to the Rookery was Frank Onion.

Now it appeared that the name of the twins was Clark, and that Joe was Tad.

"You know, then, that Tad came here from Buenos Ayres?" said Frank.

"Of course I know it. And I know that your old man is a merchant in the hide export business at that place. I know another thing, too," said Dabney, significantly, "but may be you wouldn't care for me to mention it."

"I suppose you mean what Tad did when he suddenly left Buenos Ayres eight years ago?" said Clark.

"The forged check at the bank—oh, yes! Tad told me all about it. He never pulled anything like that off here, that I've heard of. If he had he'd have been living like a gentleman instead of—"

"Living like a gentleman!" said Clark, bitterly. "He would have been sent to prison like a common felon."

Dabney's eyes snapped at this incautious speech.

"Cut it out!" whispered Sullivan, thumping Clark in the ribs, "or you'll land in the sewer."

"I see we differ on the subject," said Dabney, with a grin. "Well, we won't quarrel over it. Let me introduce you to my friend Dalton. Jem, come here. This is Tad Clark's brother Frank, just arrived in town. We must make things pleasant for him," he said, with a meaning look, which the English crook understood.

"Glad to know you, Clark," said Dalton, offering his hand.

Frank couldn't return the sentiment, but he knew it would not be good policy to give offence, so he shook hands with the crook.

"Bates," he said, in a low tone, "chase the crowd away from the tables. I want to use the trap. Then get Sullivan and those two strange boys out. Here, Smith."

"At your service, Dabney," said Smith, obsequiously.

"Go outside and waylay Joe Onion. Don't let him in here

under any circumstances till I tip you the office. Understand?"

"I twig," replied Smith, starting for the door.

"Swift," said Dabney, to another young tough.

"Here I am," replied Swift, with deference.

"Dalton and I have a bit of game on with the chap who's the brother of Onion. There'll likely be trouble in the room in a few minutes. Tip the boys off. They'll understand what's expected of them."

"I know," winked Swift. "Leave it to me."

"Bates," said Dabney, as Swift began circulating among the crowd, putting the toughs wise to what was on the tapis.

"What is it, Dabney?"

"Have you given orders about Sullivan and the boys?"

"Just done so."

"Good! Now get on your seat and put your foot on the gas-cock. The moment our man is forced down the trap you'll douse the lights."

"All right, Dabney. Whatever you say goes with me."

Thus in a brief space of time Dabney, the sharpest crook in New York, had laid his plans like a shrewd commander about to pull off a strategical move, and was ready for action.

In the meantime, Dalton, with a sudden shock, had recognized the two boys as the messengers connected with the Wall Street office of Davis & Green.

Their common clothes, so different from the neat, up-to-date suits worn by them at the office, told the suspicious crook that they were there in disguise and for a purpose.

He believed their presence was a move on Detective Dolan's part, directed at himself.

As Dabney approached he stopped him and took him aside.

"See those boys with Sullivan and Clark?" he said.

"Yes. They'll be out of here in a minute. Sullivan is getting the tip now to chase them."

"I want to tell you something. I recognize those lads as the messengers connected with the Wall Street office where I left the bonds."

"You do!" cried Dabney, in surprise.

"Yes. They're here in disguise, and there is no doubt in my mind that Dolan sent them in here with certain instructions. Probably he's outside with a pal or two, waiting for their report. They mustn't leave the building till after we are gone. Understand?"

"Are you sure of their identity?" asked Dabney.

"Positive. I saw them both in Wall Street each time I was there."

"This is awkward; but no matter. I'll fix matters with Bates, then we'll tackle our man."

At that moment the door opened and the old soak who had struck Clark on the wharf for a chance to earn the price of a drink and thought he recognized the young man as Joe Onion, came shuffling into the room.

His bleary old eyes singled out the young sailor who had won his gratitude with a dime.

Outside in the barroom he had heard something which told him that the sailor was in the Rookery and in danger.

He shambled over to where Clark and the boys had been left by themselves for a few minutes.

"So you're not Joe Onion, but his brother?" he said.

"You're his dead picture, and I took you for him on the wharf. You done me a kindness and now I'll return it. You've got to get out of this place as fast as you can, for you're in danger from Dabney and his pal, Dalton. Your brother is outside, but is bein' prevented from comin' in. The high tobers, that's Dabney and Dalton, are playin' to keep you apart for some reason. They have some game on, and they are dangerous chaps, take my word for it. You'll never be able to get out the way you come in. If you made a break for the door you'd be stopped before you could reach the saloon. See that door in the rear? It leads to Ikey Bates' rooms. There's a passageway that will take you through to the back door opening on the yard. Scale the fence and you'll find yourself in an alley. That will take you into the next street, and if you're seen it will be supposed you are sneakin' from detectives."

"But," said the surprised and startled Clark, "we'll be stopped before we can reach the door you mentioned."

"It's a risk, but you've got to face it. I'll help you. The gas-meter is under Bates' desk. I'll stagger over and fall against him. I'll reach down and turn off the gas. Then you must start, and be sure you make no mistake. The crowd will think you are still here, and when they find you ain't they'll figure you've gone for the front door. That

ought to give you all the time you need, for I'll hold the gas-cock down as long as I can. Now, then, let you and your young friends be ready to move the instant the light goes out."

With those words, the old soak staggered toward Bates' desk.

"We seem to be in a tight fix, my lads," said Clark. "I can't imagine why those chaps want to keep my brother away from me, but there appears to be some object behind it. Keep your eyes on that door, yonder, and when the lights go out we must keep close together and steer for it, trusting to luck to make our escape."

"That old bum is a pretty decent chap to warn us," said Randall. "That dime you gave him on the wharf was a mighty good investment."

"Yes. He's reached the desk and is sprawling over the proprietor. Now, then, be ready to make a move. We'll pass near the desk for the roughs are scattered about this end of the room, except the two or three at the tables."

As he spoke, the room was suddenly enveloped in darkness.

"Come," said Clark, catching Randall by the arm, while the boy grabbed Burch.

In that order they moved quickly toward the rear door.

The dousing of the light had created some surprise and confusion.

"What's the matter with you, Bates? Turn on the gas!" shouted Dabney. "Look to the door, my bullies. Let no one pass."

There was a shuffling of feet, muttered exclamations and the sounds of a struggle at the desk and a string of imprecations from Bates.

In the midst of the confusion and excitement, Clark and the pair of Jacks reached the rear door, passed into the corridor beyond and shut the door after them.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE OFFICE.

The entry was as dark as pitch, but Clark pushed ahead without hesitation, with the boys in tow.

The young man from Buenos Ayres finally ventured to strike a match, and the three saw the back door before them.

Turning the key, Clark led the way outside, and then reversing the key in the lock, secured the door on the outside, in order to cover their retreat.

They were now in a small yard filled with rubbish.

An empty whisky-barrel assisted them over the fence into the alley beyond, and two minutes later they were in the next street.

Clark gave up all hope of meeting his brother that night, and the three made haste to get out of that danger-neighborhood.

"You must get the police to bring him to you, Mr. Clark," said Randall, as they hurried along toward Mother Watson's house.

"I suppose I'll have to after to-night's adventure," replied Clark.

"Come down to our office on Monday afternoon and I'll introduce you to Detective Nolan when he calls at three. You can consult with him about your brother. They say he's one of the smartest officers on the police force."

"I will," said Clark.

In a few minutes more they were safe inside the Watson house.

As it was late, they postponed any further talk—the young man going to his room and the pair of Jacks to theirs.

Next day, Clark confided to the boys his second object in coming to the city—the chief one, as a matter of fact—to make the acquaintance of the young lady he hoped to wed, and her family.

"Before I introduce myself to the Barnetts I wish to win my brother away from his low life and connections," he said. "Although our father has cast him out, I feel that it is my duty to try and save him if I can. If he will make an effort to turn over a new leaf and reform his life, I will leave no stone unturned to reinstate him in my father's good graces, and in that case he will have the chance to bury the unfortunate past forever behind him."

Sunday afternoon, Randall and Burch showed Clark around

the more important sections of New York, and the evening was passed in his room.

At the usual hour the boys appeared at the office next morning.

They had news to communicate to their chief boss, and afterwards to Detective Dolan—the intelligence that Mr. Hawksworth was a crook named Jem Dalton, and that they had encountered him at the notorious resort called the Rookery, on Saturday night.

This, they expected, would be surprising news to both Mr. Davis and the sleuth, little suspecting that Dolan had already pretty closely hit the truth about the bond scheme.

"Say, Burch," said Randall, who had been studying the market report, "here's a chance for us to get in on the market again."

"On what?" asked his friend, with some interest.

"On L. & C. It's going up, and as it's a good stock, I propose we pool our coin and make a deal. We ought to make something out of it."

"I'm on. I'll get my funds out of the safe by and by and you can put the deal through as soon as you get the chance to go to the little bank," replied Burch.

"All right," said Randall, and the matter was so arranged between them.

When Mr. Davis reached the office, Randall went in to assist him off with his overcoat, as he usually did.

"Mr. Davis," he said, "I've a bit of news that I think will surprise you."

"What is it, Randall?" asked the broker.

"I've discovered that Mr. Hawksworth, the party who left the five D. & L. bonds with you for sale, is not the gentleman you perhaps take him for."

"Indeed!" smiled the broker.

"Yes, sir. He is not a gentleman at all, but a professional crook named Dalton."

"How did you find that out?"

"By accident, sir. Burch and I were in one of the toughest dives in the lower East Side on Saturday night, and that's where we saw him, in company with another dangerous chap in the same trade."

"How came you and Burch to go to such a resort?" asked the broker, with a frown, for it seemed to him that his messengers ought to steer wide of such places.

"That will require some explanation which I will give you if you have the time to listen to me."

"I will listen, for the information you have given me is quite important, and goes to confirm Detective Dolan's theory that the bond business was a put-up job from the start," said Mr. Davis.

"That is the opinion that Burch and I have formed since we discovered the real identity of Hawksworth," replied the boy.

Randall then told the broker about their meeting with Frank Clark at one of the East River piers, and how they had struck up a friendship with him.

"Although he is the son of a wealthy Buenos Ayres merchant, he came here as a common sailor, for his health," went on Randall. "He is well able to put up at a first-class hotel, for he has a draft on a Wall Street bank for a considerable sum, but because of his determination to find his brother, who has gone to the dogs, and is a tramp in the slums, he decided to take a room at Mother Watson's, where Burch and I live. On Saturday night he induced us to take him around the low neighborhood in our ward, in the hope of running across his brother. We learned from a tough we ran across that his brother was accustomed to hang out at the Rookery, one of the worst and most dangerous dives in the city. We warned our new friend of the character of the place, but he determined to go there, and we wouldn't let him go in alone."

Randall then described their visit to the dive, and all that happened to them there, which, of course, included the encounter with the bogus Hawksworth and his pal, Dabney.

Mr. Davis listened to his messenger's recital with much interest.

"You three were very fortunate in making your escape as you did. You can thank the old man who warned you of your peril for getting you all out of a very bad predicament," said the broker. "As Hawksworth, or Dalton, as you say his real name is, saw you both in this office he must have recognized you in the dive, though he was probably too sharp to let you see that he did. He may have suspected that you had a different object in visiting the Rookery than

that of merely accompanying Clark in his search after his brother."

"We had no other object, sir," replied Randall.

"That may be true enough, but it is natural that Hawksworth, recognizing you as the messengers connected with this office, might have thought you were sent into the Rookery for a purpose by Detective Dolan, whom he knows is on the bond case. He knew that if you identified him as the man who left the bonds here for sale that his game was up. As he couldn't afford to take the risk, it is probable that his purpose was to detain you boys as prisoners until he put the scheme through or gave it up as a failure."

"As we made our escape, I guess he'll let the bond plot go by default, for I don't think he will dare call here again," said the boy.

"That remains to be seen. I have an engagement with him at three, when he is supposed to call to receive the value of the stolen bonds. If he should have the nerve to call, Detective Dolan, who will be on hand, will arrest him."

Mr. Davis then turned to his morning mail and Randall returned outside.

At eleven o'clock, when Randall was sent to the Exchange, he took the time to run up to the little bank on Nassau street and buy 200 shares of O. & H. stock for Burch and his own mutual account, at the market price of 75.

A friendly broker had tipped him off to a coming rise in the stock, and he and Burch never let a good thing get away from them if they could help it.

When three o'clock drew near, Randall was sent with the day's deposit to the firm's bank, but Burch was in the office waiting to be called on for service.

Detective Dolan, this time disguised in a ministerial garb of black, with side-whiskers and a sanctimonious air, appeared and was admitted into the private room.

He presently came out and sat in a chair near a window, with a copy of a well-known religious weekly in his hands, which appeared to occupy his attention.

A few minutes before three, two strangers, with bronzed faces, dressed in ready-made store clothes, that smacked of a country store, came in and looked around, like men not familiar with Wall Street offices.

The detective took them in as Burch advanced to inquire their business.

Dolan was satisfied that neither was the man he was there to meet, for Dalton, as he now knew Hawksworth to be, would not present himself in other than his original disguise.

While Burch was talking to the visitors, or rather to one of them, for the other evinced an open-mouthed interest in the ticker and the tape that was dropping out through a slot in the glass top into a wicker basket beside the machine, the door opened again and Hawksworth came in as bold as though he was the most honest man in the world.

The sleuth saw him on the instant, and divined that he had a man of nerve to deal with, and one whose arrest would give him some trouble; but he knew his duty and was prepared to execute it.

He had a warrant in his pocket for the arrest of John Doe, alias Hawksworth, and he intended to land the crook in the Tombs.

He made no move to do anything as yet.

Hawksworth looked around the room and his eyes lighted on the bogus minister.

In an instant he made up his mind that that person was Detective Dolan in disguise.

He had not expected to meet the detective at the office on this occasion. However, he and Dabney had made their plans with that risk in view.

They were playing for a high stake, and had to take chances.

Had Dolan really felt confident that Hawksworth would appear that afternoon, and had he known before he reached the office that Hawksworth was certainly Jem Dalton, alias the Tiger, the English crook whose record showed him to be a very dangerous man, he would have taken extra precautions.

As it was, the detective realized that he had his work cut out for him.

"Is Mr. Davis in?" Hawksworth asked Burch.

Burch, who had not believed that the rascal would call again, was a bit staggered on seeing him, but he replied, coolly, that the broker was in his room.

"Then take my name in, please," said the disguised crook, with the air of a gentleman of business.

"Yes, sir," said Burch, casting a sidelong glance at the detective, who seemed entirely absorbed in the religious newspaper.

The boy went into the senior partner's room and closed the door.

"Hawksworth is outside, sir," he said.

Mr. Davis uttered an exclamation of surprise.

He had not expected the rascal to call.

"Burch," he said, in a whisper, "where is Mr. Dolan?"

"Sitting outside, reading a paper," replied the young messenger. "By the way, sir, there are a couple of farmers from Long Island outside who came in ahead of Hawksworth. I can't make out just what they want, unless it is information about the Red Gopher Mine. One of them told me that he bought 1,000 shares, and he wants to know what it's worth."

"Well, that's Mr. Green's business."

"I know it, but Mr. Green is out."

"Well, tell them to wait. Send Hawksworth in. Mr. Dolan has recognized him, of course."

"If he hasn't it would be very funny."

"Where is Randall?"

"Over to the bank. He'll be back in a few minutes."

"Let Hawksworth come in and then hand this paper to the detective."

Burch returned to the reception-room and held the door partly open.

"Walk in, Mr. Hawksworth," he said.

The crook entered the room and closed the door.

Burch then stepped up to Detective Dolan and passed him the note.

As the sleuth took it his sharp eyes saw that the eyes of one of the recent two callers was on him with a peculiar stare.

Quick as a flash the sleuth comprehended that the two visitors were confederates of Dalton.

They had come there to protect their associate and cover his movements.

Things threatened to be more strenuous than he had expected.

He calmly read the note, tore it into little pieces and dropped it on the floor.

Crossing his leg in a leisurely way he laid the paper on it and across the white space above the title wrote the following:

"Telephone this message to the Oak street police station: 'Send patrol wagon and three men to office of Davis & Green, — Wall Street, without an instant's delay.'

"Dolan."

Burch was watching him, expecting to see him make a move toward the private room, and when Dolan looked up he caught the boy's eye.

The detective got up and handed the paper to Burch.

"Read," he said, in a whisper.

Burch read and understood.

The country visitors separated at that moment, one of them going toward the corridor door, the other walking toward a mining map suspended against the wall.

Burch started to enter the counting-room when the latter suddenly stepped between him and the gate.

"I want to ask you a question," he said.

"Wait till I come back," said Burch.

"I am in a hurry," said the man.

"You'll have to wait."

The man snatched the paper from his hand and read what the detective had written.

"Sit down, young man," he said, pushing Burch back toward the ticker.

Dolan, who was watching both men alternately, saw that the crisis had arrived.

He sprang at the rascal who had snatched the paper, seized him by the wrist and shoved his revolver in his face.

"Your game is up!" he said. "If your companion moves another foot this way I'll shoot you in self-defense."

Both men were staggered by the rapidity of action on the part of the detective, and for a moment neither moved.

"Send that message, Burch," said the sleuth, incisively.

The man held by Dolan was Dabney, though owing to his disguise the detective did not recognize his identity.

As Burch started to obey, Dabney, realizing that the situ-

ation had become desperate, suddenly ducked his head and dashed up his fist.

As the revolver exploded he smashed Dolan in the face, stretching him out on the floor.

The weapon well out of the detective's hand and Dabney, kicking it toward his companion, laid hold of Burch.

The shot naturally startled the occupants of the counting-room and created intense excitement.

At that moment Randall opened the door and dashed into the room.

He took in the situation at a glance.

He saw Dabney's companion reach for the revolver.

He gave the fellow a shove that sent him tumbling on the floor and picked up the weapon himself.

Then covering Dabney with the revolver, he said, in a resolute tone:

"Let go of that boy, you rascal, or I'll put a ball into you!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE ESCAPE OF THE CROOKS.

As Randall spoke, Hawksworth appeared at the door of the private room and took in the situation.

The disguised rascal that the boy had bowled over scrambled on his feet and flashed out a revolver.

"Look out for that other man!" cried Burch. "He's pulled a gun."

Randall removed his eyes from Dabney because of Burch's warning cry and saw the fellow in the act of covering him with his weapon.

Quick as a wink he swung his revolver around and fired at the fellow.

The bullet struck his fingers and caused him to drop his weapon.

Dabney took advantage of the chance to draw his own gun, but Burch seized his arm and prevented him from using it.

Then Hawksworth, realizing that their game was up, and that only quick action would save them, drew his revolver and got the drop on Randall.

"Drop that gun or I'll shoot," he said, in a tone that showed he meant business.

The young messenger saw that he had to obey or take the consequences, so he let the detective's gun drop on the floor.

"Pick it up, Bunce," said Hawksworth. "Now, then, young man," he said to Burch, "let go of that man or I'll put a bullet into you."

He stepped forward and shoved his revolver into the lad's face.

Burch let go and stepped back.

"The game is up," said the English crook to his pals. "Follow me out. If anybody tries to stop us it will be his life or ours."

In another moment the three rascals were at the door.

Hawksworth let his pals pass out first and then he followed, shutting the door after him.

The crooks pushed their way through a number of persons who had been attracted to the spot by the reports of the revolvers, entered a descending elevator, and were soon in the street.

Detective Dolan came to his senses with the departure of the crooks.

He got up feeling a bit groggy, for the blow he received had been a knock-out one, and the worst that had ever been handed to him by a human fist.

Although Dabney had struck with all his power, it was luck more than skill which had done up the detective.

When the sleuth learned that the three crooks had got away in spite of Randall's plucky attempt to corner them, he felt that for the first time the shady fraternity had scored a point on him, and he determined to lose no time in getting back at them.

It was some time before matters quieted down at the office, for many of the tenants and clerks of the floor came in to inquire as to the cause of the shooting.

The news spread to the street and attracted a newspaper reporter and a couple of the Wall Street detectives of the neighborhood.

Finally the office was cleared of outsiders, and then Mr. Davis and his partner, who came in about the time the

affair ended, went home, and so did the two young messengers.

"That was tough business for those rascals to get away with the trick after the detective seemed to have them dead to rights," said Burch, as he and his friend walked homeward.

"I should say so," said Randall. "I came in at a critical moment, and did the best I could to hold the villains up, but Hawksworth was too much for me."

"The knocking out of Dolan is what queered the business. I couldn't do more than I did, but I'll gamble on it I'd have held that rascal if Hawksworth hadn't got the drop on me the same way he did on you. It could hardly be expected that we two boys could get away with three armed chaps who would not have hesitated shooting us had that been necessary to secure their escape."

"I guess Mr. Dolan feels pretty sore over the outcome of the affair."

"I'll bet he does. He's got a reputation at stake, and no man relishes a setback in his business."

"I wonder why Mr. Clark didn't call at the office this afternoon," said Randall. "He promised to do so."

"I couldn't tell you why he didn't. Something else engaged his attention."

"I hope he didn't go back to the neighborhood of the Rookery looking for his brother, for the place is a dangerous one in the daytime as well as at night."

"If he went to the police station beforehand and got a plain-clothes man to go with him he could have gone there safe enough."

"That brother of his must be a queer case. I don't see how a person brought up in a good home could lead such a life as he's been doing in New York. I should think he'd have tried to square himself with the old man long ago so that he could go back home and live decently."

"There's no accounting for what people will do in this world. I suppose he didn't have the nerve to write and tell the truth about himself. Judging from his brother's story, there's a bad streak in him, anyway, and what's bred in the bone will stick. There are hobos to be met around town who were gentlemen once on a time. Hard luck or something else ruined them, and they haven't had the courage or ambition to fight against the tide."

"Tad Clark is a vagrant, and the only difference I see between him and a regular hobo is that he hung around one spot and didn't take to the road."

"That's right," nodded Burch.

When they walked into the house, Randall asked Mother Watson if Clark was in his room.

"I don't know," she replied. "I haven't seen him since eleven o'clock. He's got a key to the front door and can come in when he chooses."

The boys went upstairs and Randall knocked on the door of Clark's room.

Receiving no reply, they judged that he was out.

In a short time supper was ready and they sat down with the old lady to eat, just as they had been accustomed to do ever since they came under her hospitable roof-tree when they were friendless little boys.

What would have been their lot had they not encountered Mother Watson neither had ever figured on, but the chances are they wouldn't now be working in the financial district, with the reputation of being the smartest messengers in Wall Street.

There is something in luck after all, and they were lucky in coming under the good old lady's wing.

And Mother Watson didn't think the luck was all on their side.

She never ceased to thank heaven for throwing the pair of Jacks in her way, for they had proved like good sons to her, and she felt that she would have been a very lonely old woman without them.

They came and went without consulting her, it is true, but she never felt the least worry over them.

They were well able to look after themselves, and she did not fear any harm would come to them.

"Say, mother," said Randall, as he helped himself to his share of the ham and eggs that formed the chief item of that evening's bill-of-fare, "if you knew where Burch and I was, with Mr. Clark, Saturday night, you'd have a fit."

"Dear me, why so? Where did you go?" asked the old woman, placidly.

"We went hunting for Mr. Clark's brother, and he's been

hanging out in the slums these last five or six years, when he hasn't been living on the Island at the city's expense; you can imagine that our search took us into some pretty tough places."

"Dear! dear! has he a brother who is so unfortunate as that?" said Mother Watson, in a sympathetic tone. "I never would have thought so. He seems to be quite a gentleman himself."

"Oh, he's all right himself, but his brother is no more like him than Burch is like a bloated bondholder, and they are twins, too. I always had an idea that twins resembled one another in every way, but it appears there are exceptions."

Randall then told the old woman all about their Saturday night's adventure.

"Dear! dear! you boys ought not to have gone into such a dangerous place. How bad I would have felt had anything happened to either or both of you."

"Well, Clark would go in, and Burch and I will never desert a friend, even if he's only a new one. We hope it won't happen again. By the way, we had a hot time at the office this afternoon. You know we told you about that bond affair—the case in which I was knocked out that day in the Parker Building and the \$5,000 worth of securities stolen from me. You haven't forgotten that?"

"No, indeed!"

"The sequel came to-day when the gent who left the bonds for sale with our boss called to collect the price of them."

Randall then proceeded to explain the whole matter to the old woman, telling her the gent aforesaid was a professional crook and that it was all a cut-and-dried plot to do the firm out of \$5,000.

Then he went on to tell what happened at the office that afternoon.

"It was tough luck," he concluded. "However, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I left my mark on one of them. He'll wear his fingers in a sling for a while to come, I'll bet a hat. I only wish I had sent him to the hospital."

Supper was finished and Clark hadn't turned up yet.

The boys went outside and sat on the dilapidated stone stoop, which had three steps and an iron railing.

When nine o'clock came and no Clark, they could not help wondering where he was.

They would have gone off looking for him if they had had any clue to his whereabouts.

But they had none so they went upstairs to their room.

They played several games of euchre and then turned in.

In the morning, Randall knocked on Clark's door as soon as he got up.

There was no answer, so he opened the door and looked in. He saw that the bed had not been slept in, and that was evidence that Clark had not been there all night.

"What do you think about it, Burch?" he asked his friend.

"Search me," said Burch.

"I hope nothing has happened to him," said Randall.

When Randall told Mother Watson that the new lodger had been away all night she expressed some surprise.

"If he comes in this morning tell him to come down to our office," said Randall.

The old woman said she would, and soon afterward the boys left as usual for Wall Street.

CHAPTER X.

"JOE ONION."

The morning papers had an account of the strenuous experience in Davis & Green's office between Detective Dolan and the firm's messengers on the one side and the three disguised crooks on the other.

The whole story of the bond matter, which up to that time had been kept quiet, was published, and it was now known that the person responsible for the plot was Jem Dalton, an English crook, who had come over to see what the United States was like, and probably for other reasons.

Who his confederates were was not definitely known, but from the statement made to Mr. Davis by Randall, and by that gentleman given to a reporter, it was believed that a notorious yeggman named Dick Dabney was hand-in-glove with Dalton in the business.

All Wall Street read about the case and Mr. Davis had

many visitors that morning who were curious to learn further particulars about it if there were any.

The pair of Jacks were held up by all their messenger friends that day, and asked about the scrap at their office.

They soon got tired of repeating the story and shut down on all inquirers.

At divers times one or the other Jack managed to snatch a look at the ticker whenever they were within reaching distance of the machine, and they noted with satisfaction that O. & S. continued on the upward grade with great steadiness.

Apparently they had made no mistake in getting in on the deal.

The day passed without any new features in the bond case coming to the fore.

Half-past three came around and Frank Clark failed to call as they had hoped he would.

They wondered if he had turned up at the house or not.

They thought it would be very singular if he failed to do so.

When they reached home they found that he was still on the missing list.

What had happened to the young man from Buenos Ayres?

Let us see.

About eleven o'clock on the morning of the previous day, some hours before Dalton and his two confederates ventured to pay their visit to Wall Street, a ragged boy called at Mother Watson's house just as Clark was leaving to go to the nearest police station to consult the official in charge about the best plan he could adopt to meet his brother.

The urchin said he had a note to deliver to a party named Clark.

"That's my name," said the young man.

"Den dis note is for youse," said the kid.

Clark opened it and saw that it was addressed to him in a rude hand.

The writer said he was the old man who had spoken to him in the Rookery on Saturday night, and that if Clark would meet him at a certain corner he would take him to his brother.

As he was a stranger and might not be able to find his way to the rendezvous the boy who brought him the note would act as his guide.

"Will youse come?" asked the boy.

"I will," replied Clark, eagerly. "Lead the way."

Accordingly, they both went off together.

At the same time that the boy delivered the note to Clark, Jem Dalton and his confederate, Dabney, were seated in the Rookery, talking together.

They had just completed their arrangements to call at the office of Davis & Green that afternoon.

"Now what about this Clark twin who got away from us Saturday night," said Dabney. "We can't let him escape us, or bird number two will never pan out. It would be a great pity to lose ten thousand apiece if by sharp work we can nail it as we originally planned to do."

"Don't worry, Dick, I have not been to sleep over it. Just before you came here I sent Clark a note by a kid I can trust. I got Smith to write it and sign old Booze's name to it, making an appointment with the young man to meet the old man at the corner of the alley in the rear. Of course, the old codger won't meet him, but Smith will and he will bring him in here by the side entrance. Once inside the Rookery he'll be trapped," said Dalton.

"Good! We already have his brother under Bates' watchful eye. With both under our thumb we ought to be able to win out," said Dabney.

"Before our bird arrives let's have our man in here and talk business with him. Our offer to set him up in life and provide him with a wife and lots of coin will take him by surprise, but when he sees that only his acceptance and a little nerve is required to carry the scheme to a successful issue, we may look for him to jump at the chance. In the long run the advantage will be all with him, but you and I are willing to do a chap a good turn for \$10,000 apiece."

"Right you are, Jem. Although Joe Onion, I mean Tad Clark, is a poor, shiftless sort of a chap, we'll make a gentleman out of him once more, and his gain will be ours as well. Swift," he shouted to one of the bunch playing pool at the nearest table, "hunt up Bates, and tell him to send Joe Onion to us."

Swift obeyed the order with great alacrity, and presently a seedy-looking, unshaved man of thirty, who looked marvel-

ously like the young man from Buenos Ayres in build and feature, came slouching into the room.

"Come here, Joe," said Dabney, and the shabby man walked over to the table at which the two professional crooks sat. "Sit down and help yourself to a drink. You look as if you needed a bracer."

The seedy man sank into a chair and pulled a glass and the bottle of whisky toward him, poured out a moderate dram and drank it.

"Joe," began Dabney, "aren't you tired of this life?"

"Tired of this life!" exclaimed the disreputable son of the Buenos Ayres merchant, wearily. "Yes, I am tired of it. If I could only muster up the courage I'd go down to the river to-night, jump in and end it all. What am I? A common vagrant—a blot on the skirts of society. Of no use to myself or anybody else. And yet once," with a slight trace of emotion, "I was a gentleman. I look it, don't I?" he added, with a mirthless laugh.

"Cheer up, old man—you haven't reached your limit yet," said Dabney, cheerfully. "What you were once you can be again."

"Never! I am all in, and am only waiting to see my finish. I've sowed the seeds of dishonor and am reaping the harvest. It was all my own culpable folly that has brought me to this misery and degradation. I might have been what my father intended—the head of his business—honored and respected, but it wasn't in me to resist temptation, and so—but what's the use of talking about it? The matter cannot interest you, and the recollection drives me mad."

"Look here, Joe, you're not as friendless as you suppose," said Dabney. "Jem and me have taken an interest in you, and we have decided to put you on your feet once more."

"No, no, no!" cried the human wreck, feverishly. "Don't ask me to join you in some crooked scheme. I won't—I won't, I tell you! You and others have proposed that before and I have turned the offers down, though I was jeered and taunted as a poor spiritless fellow who had not spunk enough to be a man. I committed one crime, it is true—I robbed my father, but I've lived to regret it bitterly. I am paying the price of that one fatal error. I will not commit another if I starve and rot in the street."

The crooks exchanged a significant glance.

"You mistake our purpose, Joe. We don't want you to join us in what you call a crooked scheme. Of what use would you be to us in our business? Jem and I are top-notchers. If we wanted a third pal on a job we would select somebody we could depend on to deliver the goods. No, no, Joe, you're away off!" laughed Dabney.

"Then what do you mean by offering to put me on my feet?" asked the derelict, suspiciously.

"We mean that we see the chance of pulling you out of this miserable existence you are leading and restoring you to your former position in society."

"You are making fun of me, Dabney. I can never again be what I once was."

"Never is a long day, Joe. Haven't you heard that the longest lane has a turning? You put in two years as a sport and high roller when you came to the city. Then your money gave out and you gradually dropped down the toboggan until you got as low as you could go. That's where you are now, and you've put in six years of it. You are due for a change, and the turn is in sight."

"You speak in riddles. What are you getting at?"

"How would you like to put this life and your alias of Joe Onion behind you forever?" said Dabney.

And dress in swell clothes like a gentleman," put in Dalton.

"Shine again along the Great White Way," said Dabney.

"Have your box at the Metropolitan, and dine every day at Sherry's or Delmonico's?" said Dalton.

"In a word, live on that fat of the land from this time forward. How would that suit you, Joe?" said Dabney.

"By what miracle is such a condition of things to be brought about?" asked the bewildered vagrant.

"By no miracle at all. You have but to say the word and Jem and I will take you in hand and you will exchange your rags and poverty for luxury and riches."

The unfortunate young man stared at the pair of rascals. He knew they were professional crooks of the first order—men admired by the lowly rank and fleeced on account of their cleverness and success.

Every tough and cheap thief that frequented the Rookery

took his hat off deferentially to Dabney and Dalton, and did their bidding with alacrity.

The man who masqueraded under the name of Joe Onion felt that these rascals had some deep scheme in view, of which he was to be the central figure.

They intended to make use of him in some way to feather their own pockets, and he distrusted them, as well he might.

"What do you expect me to do for this?" he asked. "You said there was nothing crooked behind your offer to help me. Tell me how you could bring about all this astonishing change in my condition—you whom the police constantly view with suspicion when you're not actually wanted—and if you could do it, which I don't for a moment believe, what string is attached to it? What do you expect to gain by putting good fortune in my way?"

"I'll be frank with you, Joe. We are not making you this offer for nothing."

"I thought so."

"You're an indispensable agent in a scheme of some magnitude. All depends on you. You push the button and we'll do the rest," said Dabney.

"No, no, I'm not to be wheedled into taking part in a crime."

"This is no criminal enterprise. I told you that before."

"What is it, then?"

"Agree to go in with us and we'll put you wise to the whole business."

"If I thought I could help you without taking part in an actual crime I'd consider the matter, for you two have been kinder to me off and on than those with whom my lot has been so long cast."

"Take my word for it, Joe, you can go into this scheme with safety and advantage to yourself. Everything will come your way, nothing ours unless you keep the agreement we intend to make with you. We depend on your word, which we have confidence in, and also the fact that you would not find it to your interest to go back on us. Well, what do you say? Is it a bargain?"

At that moment a peculiar owlish whistle rang through the keyhole of a side door.

It was Smith's signal that he had Frank Clark in tow, and Dalton recognized it.

"Take him back into Bates' parlor," he said to Dabney.

"The bird has arrived."

Dabney understood, and rising said to the vagrant:

"Come, Joe, we'll retire, as Jem is expecting a friend on particular business."

The unfortunate young man got up and followed the crook, unconscious that the "friend" Dalton was about to meet was his own brother, Frank, whom he supposed to be in Buenos Ayres, and who had fallen into the snare spread to catch him.

CHAPTER XI.

TRAPPED.

As Dabney and Tad Clark vanished into the proprietor's apartments, Dalton told the half a dozen toughs present to retire.

When they had done so he returned Smith's signal.

Immediately the door opened and Smith entered the room, accompanied by Frank Clark.

The moment the young man from Buenos Ayres caught a square view of the place he recognized it as the Rookery.

The thought then flashed across his mind that the note he received was a decoy message to trap him.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked Smith. "This is the Rookery."

Smith grinned.

"Talk to that gent about it," he replied, pointing to Dalton, who was still seated at the table in an easy attitude.

"But I understood I was to meet an old man who was to take me to my brother," said Clark. "Have I been trapped for some purpose?"

"Speak to that gent," repeated Smith. "He sent the letter you got, and I writ it for him. He wants to see you on business. When he's through with you, if you don't act skittish, I'm to take you back to your house, and there will be no harm done. You're safe enough here as long as you and the gent get on easy together. You can depend on that."

Having said all he proposed to say, Smith walked out the front way, leaving Clark and the English crook together.

"Well, young man, I see you have complied with my re-

quest," said Dalton. "Take a seat at this table. One would think by you standing at a distance that you were frightened."

"I wish to know why I have been trapped into this place?" replied Clark, making no move to come nearer.

"Do you call my invitation a trap?" said Dalton.

"What else can I consider it? You are not the old man which the letter indicated as the writer of the note."

"What's the difference as long as you find your brother?"

"Ah! Do you propose to bring us together. If you do—"

"It will depend on your compliance with my wishes. But we cannot carry on this interview in this fashion. Come forward and be seated. You are in no danger, I assure you."

"No danger in this notorious dive!"

"None whatever while I am with you and we agree. You couldn't be safer at police headquarters. What I say goes in this joint, my friend, and though a hundred of the toughest citizens of this ward barred your passage to the street, not a finger would be laid on you if I said hands off."

The crook spoke like a person who was making no false statement, and Clark was satisfied that he did not overestimate his influence.

Accordingly, he advanced and sat down, facing Dalton.

"Your name is Frank Clark, and you reached this city last Saturday morning on a sailing vessel from Buenos Ayres," began the crook.

"That is correct," replied Clark.

"One of the objects that brought you here was to find your brother, Tad Clark, and try to reclaim him."

"I see no reason to deny that fact."

"You came to the Rookery on Saturday night, expecting to meet your brother."

"I did."

"You missed him by taking the hurried departure you did. Why did you leave so suddenly? Was it because you were afraid to stay in the temporary darkness caused by the accidental turning off of the lights?"

Dalton's tone was half jesting, half fierce.

"I and my young friends left because we thought it was quite time for us to go," replied Clark.

"Who told you it was time for you to go?"

"We thought so ourselves."

"Isn't it a fact that the old man who was talking to you passed you a warning to get out?"

"I must decline to say."

"Well, I am satisfied he did. And he pointed out to you the only road by which you could escape, and which we would not suspect you had taken until it was too late to catch you. However, that is past. And the old man is a thing of the past, too."

"You do not mean to say that you revenged yourselves on him—a helpless old fellow with one foot in the grave?"

"My young friend," said Dalton, "he broke an ironclad rule of this establishment, the penalty of which is—extinguishment. The crowd who frequent this place are of necessity bound together for mutual protection. They have their private quarrels which may land them either at the morgue or in the hospital—that is their own affair; but outside of that the rule is one for all and all for one. Understand? Any one breaking that rule takes the consequences. The old man broke it Saturday night. He is now at the morgue, and to-morrow, or the day after, will lie in Potter's Field. But I did not send for you to tell you this. Let us forget it and proceed to business."

"Business! What business can you have with me unless it is to bring me face to face with my brother?"

"You will meet him in good time, provided you give me no trouble."

"What do you mean by trouble?"

Dalton pulled out a cigar and lit it deliberately.

"I remarked a few minutes ago that one of your objects in coming to this city was to meet your brother," he said. "You have another. What is it?"

"What is that to you?" replied Clark, hotly.

"You won't tell me, eh?"

"No, for it cannot interest you in any way."

"That is where you are mistaken. It does interest me—greatly. Since you won't tell me I will hazard a guess. You came here to marry a young lady whom you have never seen, except maybe her likeness, and this marriage was arranged by the young lady's parents with your father. Am I a good guesser?"

"How came you to know that fact?" demanded Clark, quite staggered by the knowledge possessed by the crook.

"No matter; it is enough that the fact is no secret to me."

"In what way does it concern you?"

"Well, you see, my pal and myself have taken a strong interest in your brother. We think he has wasted enough of his time as a vagrant, and so we have decided to help him up in the world—make a gentleman of him again. We hit upon this benevolent object when we discovered that you were on your way to this city to meet and marry the young heiress who lives on Riverside Drive—Elsie Barnett her name is. We hoped to accomplish our purpose before you got here, but you have arrived sooner than we expected. It was unfortunate—for all hands, including yourself—but it can be straightened out if you act in a reasonable, brotherly way."

"I don't quite understand what you mean. How do you propose to make a gentleman of my brother? By persuading him to commit a crime?"

"By no means. He has a deep-seated objection to that line of business."

"I am glad to hear it. I feared it might be otherwise."

"We, my pal and I, propose to take advantage of his wonderful likeness to you, and introduce him to the Barnett family as you. With a clear field he will easily manage to marry the girl and secure a part of her fortune, according to the terms arranged between your father and hers. All we expect in return for our benevolence is a small commission, the amount of which cuts very little ice when compared with the results your brother will gain. There, how does that scheme strike you?"

"Strike me, you rascal! Why, it's a piece of outrageous villainy. My brother would never consent to join in such a piece of rascality!" cried Clark, hotly.

"My friend, don't be too sure of that. Consider the temptation. By standing in with us he will become a gentleman of wealth and respectability once more. Few brothers would let family considerations stand between them and such a desirable advance up the social ladder. I consider the matter as good as settled."

"Settled! I'll soon put a stop to it."

"In what way?" asked Dalton, coolly.

"I shall first see my brother."

"How will you? You are in my power. You must accept the situation or——"

"Or what?"

"Take the consequences. By the way, you carry certain papers about you which will greatly simplify the case for us. Kindly hand over your pocketbook. Whatever money or draft for money is in it I will return. I only want the papers."

"This is infamous! Your purpose in decoying me here was to secure those documents, I suppose?"

"It was."

"You shall not have them!" cried Clark, springing up.

As Clark started for the door, Dalton uttered a sibilant whistle.

Instantly the door opened and Smith entered, followed by a dozen toughs.

They arranged themselves in a bunch before the door.

Clark stopped, disconcerted.

"You see, my friend, it is useless for you to resist. The pocketbook, please," said Dalton.

"Never! You must kill me before you get it," replied the young man.

"Smith, take it from him," said the crook.

The whole bunch immediately surrounded Clark and, seizing him, held him powerless, while Smith went through his pockets.

The young tough finally found the article.

"Here it is," he said, passing it over to Dalton.

Dalton opened it and, examining its contents, took out what he wanted.

The draft on the Wall Street bank he did not disturb.

"Put it back in his pocket," he said to Smith.

The tough obeyed.

"Now, my friend, you must agree to leave town without delay, and you will swear, on your word of honor as a gentleman, to remain away for at least one month. That is the price of your escape from the Rookery."

"And suppose I refuse?" replied Clark, defiantly.

Before the crook could answer the door flew open and Swift rushed in.

"Quick!—quick!" he cried. "There are three detectives coming in."

"Then we have no time to lose. Smith—the trap for our friend here," said Dalton.

"Help! He——" shouted Clark.

He was quickly gagged.

The toughs resumed the chorus, some of them seizing cues and banging the floor.

In the midst of the hubbub a trap was opened between the pool tables and the young man was forced down into a dark hole.

A box was pushed on top of it, and the whole bunch sang louder than ever, and some of them began a stag waltz.

In the meantime Dalton swiftly made his exit through the side door.

The front door opened and the detectives came in.

The officers did not find the person they were looking for and returning to the main room, rejoined their companion, and the three left, followed by divers sarcastic remarks from the toughs.

CHAPTER XII.

WHICH TWIN?

"It's very singular where Mr. Clark is keeping himself," said Randall on the second morning after the young men's failure to return to the house. "I think we had better call on the police, Burch."

"Let's," replied Burch, laconically.

This they accordingly did on their way to the office.

They told the officer at the desk that Clark was a stranger in the city, and that he was interested in finding a disreputable brother of his who was living in the slums.

Randall went over the story of their Saturday night's adventure in the notorious Rookery, and told of the narrow escape they had had from that dive.

The officer asked him some questions, asked for Clark's description, and then said he would report the matter to the captain when he came in.

That was all the boys could do and they went on to the office.

Randall told Mr. Davis about Clark's disappearance, and the broker said that he and Burch had done quite right to notify the police about it.

About noon that day O. & H. shares, which had gone up four points since Randall bought the stock, took on a boom, and in half an hour reached 88, which fact put the boys \$2,000 ahead.

During the afternoon it kept on mounting, and at half-past two was going at 95, and appeared to be able to hold its own at that advanced figure.

Randall, however, thought that it wasn't prudent for him to hold on any longer, so the chance coming his way, he ran into the little bank and ordered the shares to be sold.

This was done in about fifteen minutes, and thus the pair of Jacks got out with a profit of \$4,000, which raised their capital to something over \$6,000.

When the boys got home that afternoon they asked Mother Watson if Clark had been there that day.

"No; I've been wondering if anything has happened to him," she replied.

"Don't worry, he's all right," replied Randall. "He's changed his mind about stopping here and has gone to the — Hotel."

It was half-past seven when Randall and Burch walked into the rotunda of the — Hotel and went up to the desk.

"Is Mr. Frank Clark stopping here?" Randall asked the clerk.

"Yes. He and Major Stetson just went into the reading-room," was the reply.

"Come on, Burch, he's in the reading-room," said Randall.

The boys walked over to the entrance of that apartment.

Looking in, they saw Clark, dressed in swell clothes, talking with a swell-looking, well-dressed man of fine physique, whose face was half hidden by a heavy beard, which was cut down to a point.

"We won't interrupt them," said Randall. "We've lots of time."

"Say, do you know that Major looks something like Hawksworth in the back," remarked Burch.

"That's not singular. The Major has a fine figure, and so had Hawksworth, or rather Dalton."

Presently the major raised his hand to scratch his ear.

Then both boys gave a gasp of surprise.

On the major's little finger shone a duplicate of the skull and cross-bones ring worn by Hawksworth.

Burch grasped Randall by the arm.

"Do you see it?" he whispered, almost excitedly.

"You mean the ring? I do. Quite a coincidence, isn't it?"

"Say, maybe that's Dalton in a new disguise. It's his figure."

"Nonsense! Dalton wouldn't be here in company with Clark."

They retired to the rotunda and, taking seats, watched the door of the reading-room.

In a few minutes Major Stetson came out alone and walked away.

They waited till he passed out of the hotel and then they entered the reading-room and walked up to Clark, who was reading an evening paper.

"How do you do, Mr. Clark?" said Randall, holding out his hand.

Clark stared at them, but showed no recognition.

"Your name is Frank Clark, isn't it?" said Randall.

"Y-e-s," replied the gentleman, with a slight hesitation in his voice.

"And you arrived in this city last Saturday in a brig from Buenos Ayres?"

"I did?" exclaimed Clark, with some evidence of agitation.

"You ought to know whether you did or not. At any rate, Burch and I made your acquaintance on the dock as you came ashore, and you didn't look near so swell as you do now, which probably accounts for your wish to cut our acquaintance. By the way, pardon my curiosity, but did you find your brother Tad?" I suppose you must have, for you were awfully anxious to do so."

Burch, standing back a step, had been narrowly scanning Clark's face.

"Say, Randall, this isn't Frank Clark—this is his brother Tad."

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCLUSION.

The moment he spoke, Clark's face turned white, and he grasped his chair convulsively.

Grasping Randall by the arm he leaned over and whispered hoarsely:

"Is my brother in this city? Did he arrive on Saturday, and is he looking for me? For heaven sake tell me the truth."

"You are Tad Clark, then?" said Randall.

"Yes, yes," admitted the young man, looking fearfully around.

"Haven't you seen your brother?"

"Seen him! No. I didn't know he was nearer than Buenos Ayres."

"I haven't seen him since Sunday night. He was stopping at the house where Burch and I live. On Monday morning at eleven o'clock he left the house and we haven't seen him since. We came here to meet him, for I got word over the telephone this morning from Mr. Frederick Barnett that Frank Clark was at his home last evening, and that he was stopping at this hotel with Major Stetson. It appears that you are the Frank he referred to. How came he to get you mixed up with your brother? You are Tad, not Frank, by your own admission. And tell me, who is this Major Stetson? How did you make his acquaintance?"

"Don't ask me," faltered Clark. "I can't explain now. I want to know about my brother. This is no place to talk. People are already looking at us. Come up to my room. Come!"

They went up to the seventh floor and Tad Clark admitted them to his room.

"Tell me all you know about my brother," he said, feverishly, to Randall.

Then he went on to describe how he and Burch had made the acquaintance of Frank Clark the preceding Saturday afternoon.

Randall then told him of what happened at the Rookery while they were there, about the old man's warning of danger, how he had turned the gas off at the meter under the proprietor's desk, and how they escaped in the darkness and confusion.

"From the old man's words, there was evidently a move on foot to keep you and your brother apart," said Randall.

"I see through the whole infernal conspiracy!" cried Tad Clark, excitedly. "And I have lent myself as an accomplice without understanding the inside facts of the scheme. Sold my honor to a couple of the biggest crooks in the city that

I might lift myself from misery and want to affluence again at the cost of my brother's happiness—and that brother was even then in the city hunting for me, perhaps to restore me to my position in society again. Oh, fool! fool that I have been not to see what a dupe I was making of myself! But, thank heaven, the scheme can yet be thwarted. It has only begun. I will call on Mr. Barnett at once, confess everything and beg his aid to find my brother, who I believe is being kept a prisoner by the two rascals who are using me for a bait to feather their own pockets."

"Where do you think he is being held—at the Rookery?" asked Randall.

"Yes; there are several secure rooms in the basement where a person could be detained indefinitely without the police becoming the wiser."

"Now, Mr. Tad, who is this Major Stetson? Isn't he an English crook named Jem Dalton?" asked Randall.

"How did you guess that?" asked Tad, in surprise.

"Because we have been brought in contact with him before. Disguised as a Mr. Hawksworth, he tried to skin our firm out of \$5,000 through a bond sale. It failed and detectives are looking for him and his confederates. I am satisfied this Major Stetson is the same man. He is Dalton, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Does he stop at this hotel?"

"Yes; he's rooming with me to keep me under his eye; and I dare say I am under watch by one or more of his satellites when he is away. It is not impossible that one of his friends saw me bring you both up to my room," said Tad.

"Is that so?" said Burch.

An idea striking him, he walked to the door and threw it suddenly open.

A flashily dressed young man, who had evidently been listening at the keyhole, almost fell into the room.

Burch nabbed him and dragged him inside in spite of his struggles.

"Hold on to him, Burch," said Randall, pushing the wall button.

A bell-boy responded.

"We've captured a crook," said Randall to him. "Send up the house detective."

When the detective came, Swift's identity was explained to him and he took charge of the rascal.

Randall communicated with Police Headquarters and asked for Detective Nolan.

The sleuth happened to be at the bureau at the time and he answered the call.

He hurriedly explained the situation to the officer, and asked him to have the Rookery searched for Frank Clark.

Dolan said he would have it attended to and that he would presently meet the boys at the Hotel.

He was there in three-quarters of an hour with two companions, and plans were laid to catch Dalton when he came back.

While they were waiting a telephone message came to the detective, informing him that the Rookery had been raided and all its occupants arrested.

Frank Clark was discovered in a room in the cellar and was on his way up to the hotel.

The meeting between the twin brothers was quite affecting. Soon after Major Stetson walked into the trap waiting for him, and he was arrested and taken to the station house, where his identity as Dalton was soon established.

Before morning Dolan succeeded in landing Dabney, on information forced from Swift, and both of the chief crooks were put through a third degree examination at headquarters.

Dalton and Dabney were both indicted by the Grand Jury, tried and convicted, and sent away for several years.

Before that satisfactory event took place, Randall and Burch made a couple of more lucky deals in the market.

The first was the result of a tip they got that a syndicate had been formed to boom M. & W. shares.

They bought 600 shares at 80, held it till the price reached par and sold at a profit of \$12,000.

The second was a deal in S. & T.

Finding it was rising rapidly on a bull market, Randall bought 1,500 shares, at 110, held on till it got to 115, and then sold at a profit of \$7,500.

Frank Clark in due time married Elsie Barnett, and his brother Tad was best man at the wedding.

Next week's issue will contain "BRAVE BILLY BLAND; OR, HUSTLING UP A BUSINESS."

FROM ALL POINTS

\$8,000 DUG FROM FIVE RUINS

Eight thousand dollars in gold coin and a large sum in paper money was dug from the ruins of a jewelry store owned by L. W. Recht, Platte City, Mo. The store burned Christmas Day. Recht, it is said, distrusted banks and kept large sums of money concealed in his store. The paper money was in a small tin box, but somehow escaped the heat.

"WILD" DOGS OF JERSEY KILL NINE DEER

Game Warden Small of Bergen County, N. J. reported recently that nine deer had been killed by dogs at the foothills of the Ramapo Mountains between Oakland and Mahwah. The game warden and hunters killed some of the dogs.

Small also reports that two bears were seen in the vicinity of Allendale. They had killed a calf and eaten most of it. Small said there is no law against hunting bears.

ICY BATH FOR BEAR HUNTER

Three big game hunters of Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., almost met with disaster when they set out to hunt the large black bears which have wandered from the Catskills onto the ice of the Hudson River.

The hunters were Stewart Nickerson, his brother Russell, and Charles Phillips. After having gone about a mile from the shore, Daisy, the well known community hound, emitted the shrill sound which told the hunters she had seen bear.

They rushed forward. The leader, Stewart Nickerson, broke through the ice. It required ten minutes to drag him out. By that time the bears had scampered away. Stewart lost his rifle.

FIND UNDERGROUND SALOON

A complete barroom, with large quantities of liquor in barrels and cases, and an underground passage leading to whisky, beer and cordials, valued at approximately \$80,000, were unearthed by police and Federal agents in an early morning raid at the home of Mrs. Julia Yurick, Cleveland, O., according to Fred Counts, Federal Prohibition Enforcement Commissioner.

Mrs. Yurick, when arraigned before United States Commissioner Marlatt on the charge of selling liquor, pleaded not guilty and was held in \$3,500 bail. She said all the liquor found in her basement was left from her saloon and denied selling any of it.

NAUTICAL SCHOOL AT NEWPORT

A book descriptive of the National Nautical School and its objects, and of Camp Sims, near Newport, R. I., where boys of the school last summer were given elementary and practical sea training, has

been issued by the executive committee of the school, which has its headquarters in New York city. The institution is one where boys are prepared for the Navy and the merchant marine service. During the first season of Camp Sims, which was named after Rear Admiral William S. Sims, U. S. N., and which was visited by him on Aug. 11, 1918, it was attended by 200 cadets from various parts of the country. The camp was closed on Sept. 1, when it was visited by Rear Admiral John R. Edwards, U. S. N., who presented the battalion with a stand of colors. The school offers special scholarships to sons of Army and Navy officers, it is stated.

CIGARETTE MUST GO

Assailing President Wilson and Gov. Edwards as "friends of brewers," the Rev. C. C. Rarick, Executive Secretary of the Board of Temperance and Prohibition of the General Methodist Conference, in a talk at Atlantic City said:

"The future work of our board will be against race track gambling, cigarettes, social diseases and a fight for uniform marriage and divorce laws."

On the "cigarette war" plan he said:

"As to the cigarette, the Red Cross, with all its noble work, distributed thousands of cigarettes. What a reflection on their otherwise splendid war service. Eighty-five per cent of the deaths in the army were caused by pneumonia, and we helped thousands of them along by making cigarette fiends of them."

B'AR TRACKS, BUT NO B'AR

The purlieus of New Providence, Summit, Berkeley Heights, Chatham and other places have been excited for several days over what appeared to be numerous bear tracks. The matter was explained yesterday by Henry A. Patterson, a retired business man, a one-time athlete and a son of the late Robert W. Paterson, known as the "Turpentine King." His home is at Chatham, N. J., and this is his story:

"Bears? Sure, we thought we had 'em—or at least some of the neighbors did. Yes, almost every morning there were fresh tracks in the snow about the houses and barns of our most peace-loving fellow citizens. And they went after the makers of those tracks too, with every kind of a weapon, from pitchforks to horse pistols:

"But bears?" Mr. Paterson laughed. "They didn't find any. Those tracks were made by the two sons of—well, I won't give 'em away, but they live in New Providence. They just cut the feet off an old, moth-eaten bear rug, made mocassins of them, and walked about in the snow. And as for the chicken stealing—well, we are looking for certain two-legged animals who are responsible for that."

Dan, the Delivery Boy

—OR—

The Mysterious House on the Hill

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XXIII (Continued).

"I don't then," replied Jean. "I don't want to kill anyone, and I don't want you to on my account. As for Bart Horner, he will never dare to shoot me."

But Jean did not know the man, who was actually a treacherous scoundrel.

Having concocted a dastardly plot against the kind-hearted, but eccentric man, who had been his benefactor, this young scoundrel was prepared to resort to any desperate means to carry it out.

He had already spied the intruders, and he quickened his steps.

"Bart Horner!" called Jean, "what made you bring my mother in here?"

"Your mother?" was the reply. "I don't know what you are talking about. I'm camping back here. I don't know anything about your mother, Jean."

"Don't lie to me!" flashed Jean. "We have seen your camp. It's a deserted farmhouse. I saw my mother sitting at the window. Have you and Billy Thompson got Professor Steventon here, too?"

Perhaps it was foolish of Jean thus to give herself away, but we can only relate what happened.

Bart Horner took his gun off his shoulder and advanced threateningly.

"Now look here, Jean. You are entirely too wise for your own good," he called. "Turn back, if you know when you are well off."

"My stars! Do you mean to say you own these woods, Bart Horner? Would you shoot me then if I choose to go to my mother?" the plucky girl cried.

"That's precisely what I mean," retorted the villain, levelling his rifle. "Back, all three of you. Back, or I'll fire!"

"He means it, miss," said Arthur, halting. "We can't do a thing."

"What's the reason we can't!" cried Tom, and suddenly his right hand came from behind him, where he had been carrying it, and a stone, which he had picked up for the purpose, went flying at Bart Horner, who was squinting up one eye to sight his gun.

It took him on the left temple.

With a sharp cry he dropped the rifle, reeled, and fell.

"Heavens! You have killed him!" gasped Jean.

"I don't care! He tried to kill me!" cried Tom,

and he ran like a deer, snatching up the rifle before Horner could rise.

"Now we've got yer!" cried Tom, covering the man.

Horner's head was bleeding. He seemed dazed, as he staggered to his feet.

"You young cub, hand over that gun," he snarled.

"Not on yer life!" cried Tom. "About-face, or I fire; surest t'ing you know. You tried to dope me to det, an' I'll shoot you to det if you don't obey orders, sure's my name's Tom Kane."

He evidently meant it.

Horner snarlingly turned.

Horner snarlingly turned.

"Now, forward, march, and take us to where you've got de professor and Mrs. Billup, or I'll bore a hole clean troo yer!" cried Tom. "Dis is de way I win out. I'm on top to stay!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

Conclusion

Certainly it did look as if the driver of 88 had won the day.

Bart Horner, mopping his bleeding forehead with his handkerchief, walked sulkily on.

"You'll live to regret this, Jean," he called back.

"I hope to live to make you regret it," retorted Jean. "The idea of you going on the way you have after all Professor Steventon has done for you."

No more was said, as the procession continued to advance.

Arthur asked Tom to give him the rifle at the same time suggesting that he was better able to manage it, but the driver of 88 would hear to no such thing.

"Not on yer life!" he cried. "I started in to boss dis job and I'm going to put it troo, now I've got me chanst. Say, you, have yer seen anyt'ing of Dan Dugan, me side partner, what got lost in dese woods last night?"

Horner did not deign to reply.

In a few moments they came out into the clearing, and the deserted house lay before them.

Mrs. Billup was standing in the doorway.

"Mercy on us! Jean!" she cried. "Oh, I am thankful that help has come at last."

"Mother, however came you here?" called Jean.

"Why, they drugged me and brought me to a horrible cave," replied Mrs. Billup. "Last night we came here. I suppose I ought to have started right off as soon as I found myself out from under the eye of that scoundrel whom you seem to have captured, but I hardly dared to leave the professor, the poor man is in such an awful way."

"Get a rope, if you can find one, Mrs. Billup. I want to make a prisoner of this man," called Arthur.

"No, we don't need no rope," said Tom. "I've got

de drop onto him. For two pins I'd bore a hole throo his hide."

"There is no rope in the house. There is nothing here," said Mrs. Billup.

"Nothing but whiskey," she added, "and the dear Lord knows there's too much of that."

"Is the professor drinking so hard, then?" demanded Jean.

"Drinking!" cried Mrs. Billup. "He is just pouring it down. That's their game to make him drink himself to death. They want to kill him, but they don't seem to have courage or sense enough to go about it in any other way."

"And is Billy Thompson here, mother?"

"He has been with us until this morning, when he went away."

"Back up against the house, youse," broke in Tom, for they had now reached the door.

If ever there was a disgusted-looking proposition it was Bart Horner, but he seemed afraid of his own gun, even in such unskilled hands as those of Tom Kane, and he obeyed.

"Can we get Professor Steventon down to the house, do you think, Mrs. Billup?" demanded Arthur. "Horner has bounced all the servants, but——"

"What? Are you near Bellevoir, then?" Mrs. Billup exclaimed. "But I might have guessed it, seeing you. I had no idea where we were."

"But you can't get the professor out of here without a team," she added. "The poor man can't stand on his feet, he's so bad."

"I'll go and see him," said Arthur.

"Come, then," replied Mrs. Billup, "and do you come, too, Jean; perhaps the sight of you may cheer him up a bit. We had to almost carry him when we came in here last night. Now he can't stand."

"Is it the drink or weakness?" demanded Jean.

"Both," was the reply. "They keep urging him to drink all the time."

She led the way into a back room.

Here, on a cot bed, lay the wretched drunkard.

The covering had been removed from his face, which exposed it with all its horror.

Jean gave a cry and turned her head away. Even Arthur shuddered.

"No wonder he keeps his face covered," he exclaimed.

"He seems to be asleep," said Mrs. Billup. "I suppose it is no use to wake him up. Personally, I think he is a dying man."

"But what is their object?" demanded Arthur.

"Why, to get his money, to be sure," snapped Mrs. Billup. "His will stands in Billy Thompson's favor, with small legacies to Bart Horner and myself. They were afraid he would alter it in favor of that delivery boy, Dan."

"Dan!" cried Jean. "Then you know something you haven't told me about that matter, mother!"

"Of course," replied Mrs. Billup. "Dan is——"

"Bang!"

A shot rang out before she could finish her sentence.

"Tom has shot Horner!" cried Jean.

"The other way," spoke a voice from the door, and in stalked Horner with the rifle.

"Now, then, I'm on top!" he snarled. "Mrs. Billup! to your room. You, Robbins, I'm going to shoot you. As for you, Jean, we'll see. I——"

"Dan! Here dey are, Dan. It's dat snoozer! Come on! Come on!"

Tom Kane was putting up some pretty loud talk for a dead driver, it would seem.

Horner made a dive for the door.

But it was only to find himself facing a gun, and said gun was grasped by the wild man, who, with Dan at his side, were with Tom Kane.

"Shoot him!" cried Tom. "Shoot him! He tried to shoot me!"

But even if the elder Dan Dugan had been so disposed, he was not given time.

Horner stood with his back to Robbins, who jumped in now, and tripped the scoundrel up, at the same time pushing him on his nose.

Tom promptly sat on him.

"Get de gun, Dan," he yelled. "Get de gun! Holy chee, I'm on top again! He rushed me and got de gun. He tort he'd shot me, but I was only playing possum! Chee, but dis is great."

Dan could not get a word in edgeways, but he did seize Bart's rifle.

"We want to tie that man up!" cried Robbins. "Have you got any cord?"

This to the wild man, who promptly produced the needful and tied Bart's hands behind him in silence.

"Well, Dan!" cried Mrs. Billup. "You here, too? You are none too soon, either; if you are to get your rights."

"But who is this with you?" she asked, looking suspiciously at the wild man.

"Madam, my name is Dan Dugan, the same as this boy," said the lunatic, adding:

"Is Professor Steventon here? Can I see him?"

"You can see him, but he is almost past speech," Mrs. Billup replied, and all hands followed her into the back room.

The professor was awake now.

"Merciful heaven! That face!" groaned the wild man, turning his head away.

But it was only for a minute.

"Professor, do you know me?" he demanded then. The wretched man eyed him fixedly.

"Yes, I know you," he said, in an unsteady voice. "You are Dugan, who marred my face for life, and stole my daughter, that's who you are. Once you were my trusted pupil. Such was your gratitude, such my folly. I am going through with the same business now, but I will foil the wretches. Dan! You have seen my face before. Come here!"

(To be continued.)

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

KILLED BY BLIZZARD AFTER WATCHING MASTER'S GRAVE FIVE YEARS

Jack, a homeless yellow dog, was found dead on his master's grave, near Hamburg, Ohio, having perished in the blizzard of a few days ago.

For five years he had kept a vigil over the grave of John Dindore, leaving it only long enough to obtain food. All efforts to coax the dog away failed. Ministers have preached sermons on the love, devotion and grief shown by the dog.

DISMANTLING OF HELIGOLAND COMPLETED

A dispatch from Berlin to the Associated Press states that the Heligoland defenses are to-day dismantled. The island and its thousands of tons of masonry and gun emplacements is all that remains of this once most formidable fortress. With the guns dismantled, the destruction of the military harbor works and various fortifications has proceeded. Although this stronghold cost over 175 million dollars, its guns were fired but once throughout the war, when the British warship "Shannon" was the target. The Allies recognized that it would have been impossible to silence its batteries. The artificial harbor works and the ground on which the barracks stand are to be removed and the site returned to the sea.

50,000 FEET ASCENT FLIGHT PLANNED

Prof. David Todd, director of the observatory and professor of astronomy and navigation at Amherst College, announced that he would take part in an aerial expedition within the next few weeks in a plane driven by Major Leo Stevens of the United States Air Service to discover new data of astronomical and meteorological importance.

The flight will be made from the field of the United States Air Service at Omaha, Neb., and a new altitude record of 50,000 feet will be attempted. This is 14,000 feet higher than the altitude attained by Major Scroeder, whose 36,000 feet climb is now recognized by the world as a record, according to L. L. Driggs, President of the American Flying Club.

The expedition will be equipped with all the instruments and recording devices necessary to discover any electrical and other disturbances, presence and proportion of gases in the upper air and similar data.

TRAPPER NETS \$40 A DAY

Trapping of wild fur-bearing animals within sight of Seattle has netted \$40 a day for Martin McDonald, whose traps are set each year at the ex-

treme north end of Lake Washington, near Kenmore, Wash.

"That doesn't sound possible, but it's true," said N. B. Evans, deputy county game warden, telling of McDonald's success. McDonald's catches are mostly muskrats, but he has gathered in a few mink and other fur-bearing animals. Ten years ago muskrat skins sold for 30 or 40 cents each. Now they are worth \$2.50 each. McDonald is not the only trapper in King County that has taken advantage of high prices."

Old trappers who abandoned their trade years ago because of the low price of skins and the decreasing number of fur-bearing animals, have found the "good old days" again, said the warden. The trapping of muskrats alone has become a considerable industry, due of course, to the high cost of muskrat skins.

EASILY CAPTURED

The exploits of the "Pied Piper of Hamlin," famed in German story, who freed a whole city of rats by luring them away with seductive music, are recalled by those of "Professor" John Bloch, who claims to have achieved fame in the rat-catching line in many of the large towns of the country. The "Professor's" method is to lure the rodents from their holes in the daytime by imitating the squeaking of a rat which has procured a particularly toothsome morsel.

Once out of their holes, he seizes them, his hands being protected by thick rubber gloves, and by a dexterous twirl breaks their necks. The "Professor" gave an exhibition of his methods recently in Philadelphia, the scene of his operations being a yard to the rear of a steamship office in the business section. He had forgotten his gloves, so he used an old velvet cap in their stead. He scattered a few pieces of crackers near some rat holes, and then made a sound which was a clever imitation of the noise that a rat makes. In another instant a large rodent emerged from one of the holes and walked boldly into the yard. The "Professor" threw his velvet cap over the creature and lifted it up, squealing, and with its teeth fastened in the cloth. With a twist of his hand he threw it on the ground dead. Two more large rats which appeared in response to the "Professor's" cry shared a similar fate. As the executioner was not under contract to rid the yard of rats, and as he was in a hurry to catch a train, he desisted at this point, after assuring the spectators that he would have no further difficulty in catching all the rats in the neighborhood. He declared that rats are half blind in the daytime. Once out of their holes, he said, they are unable to find their way back readily, and so are easily captured.

INTERESTING ARTICLES

200,000 TONS OF RUBBER IMPORTED FOR TIRES

"The enormity of the automobile industry has been emphasized by some figures given out by at the national automobile shows in New York and Chicago," says H. A. Withens, general sales manager of the Federal Tire Company, of Cudahy, Wis.

"There are now in this country 132 factories producing pleasure cars in more than 400 different styles and models. To provide these cars with tires will mean the importation of from 175,000 to 200,000 tons of rubber 70 per cent of which will be made into 40,000,000 casings and an equal number of tubes.

"That record has been made in the last twenty-five years since the first successful automobile was produced. Surely it means an abundance of work for tiremakers, to say nothing of the great undeveloped fields ahead."

ROCK WAS A PEARL

Frank Babler has filed a complaint in the court of Justice of the Peace Walter Herzinger for \$299.99, alleged to be the value of a pearl which he found in a plate of oysters, against Demond Davis, owner of a restaurant in Redding, Cal.

Babler ordered fresh oysters at the restaurant, and as he was eating found a small stone in the oyster. He called to the owner that he ordered oysters and not rocks. Davis took the plate of oysters and put the rock in his pocket, saying he would bring Babler another plate, which the customer refused.

Davis returned to the table and told Babler the rock was a pearl. Babler demanded the pearl, which Davis refused, saying he sold oysters, not pearls. A policeman tried to induce Davis to give Babler the pearl, without success, and the customer is now suing for the value of the "rock" he found in his oysters.

RETAIN WAR TRUCKS FOR TRAINING WORK

The Secretary of War has ordered that 2,700 motor vehicles, 900 passenger cars, 900 trucks and 900 motorcycles are to be reserved from the stocks held by the War Department for vocational training purposes. The vehicles will be distributed by the Director of Purchase, Storage and Traffic as follows:

To each of the seventeen divisional camps and to each of the overseas departments, thirty passenger cars, thirty trucks and thirty motorcycles, 1,180 vehicles in all. So far as possible the distribution will include two-thirds of the non-standard and one-third of the standard vehicles. The non-standard

types will be held in reserve by the Director of Purchase, Storage and Traffic for distribution to military posts in accordance with vocational needs as later determined.

COLD STORAGE

A recent discussion in the press gave Charles Tellier, a Frenchman, the credit for the invention of the cold storage process. While it is true that he perfected the system and made it commercially practicable, he had a number of forerunners in the industry. Fifty-five years ago the first refrigerated meat arrived in England. The scheme was fairly successful for shipping preserved meats a short distance. Ten years later a shipment of carcasses frozen by Harrison's method was sent to England from Melbourne, but the meat was found to be spoiled.

At this time Tellier was working on his method of freezing foodstuffs by the use of two chemicals, methylic ether and trimethylamine. In 1876 he built the refrigerator ship *La Frigorifique*, which carried a cargo of frozen beef between Rouen, France, and La Plata. That first consignment was the beginning of what has developed into a world-wide industry. By 1877 there was a great influx into London of American meat preserved by cold.

IRRITATED MULE DEVELOPS BULLDOG-LIKE TENDENCIES

The Missouri mule has a lot of good traits and then again it has some bad ones, so that its good deeds are very often nullified by its defections, but it remained for a Phelps County, Missouri, hybrid to devise the most original stunt in the demerit way for that breed of live stock.

A farmer near Rolla, Mo., turned several of his mules out in the field in order that they might take exercise. The long-eared fellows were being fed for the market and had been in the barn for several months. Two of the mules in adjacent stalls had been unable to get together because of the stall divisions.

No sooner had the animals been let out into the field than the two took issues with each other. One suddenly became enraged and seized the other by the throat with its teeth, choking it to death before the farmer could stop the fight. The dead mule was worth more than \$300 and it took only a few minutes for the other animal to kill it.

Mule men who were asked about the unusual occurrence said they could not recall a similar instance. They remember kicking one other to death on several occasions, but that a regular bulldog throat-choker is a new one on them.

THE FRONTIERSMAN'S ESCAPE

By Alexander Armstrong

Many years ago, when Iowa was the western border of ordinary American travel, Morton Massey built a cabin near to the spot where the town of Muscatine now stands and maintained himself, wife and child by tilling the ground in summer and trapping in winter.

One morning Massey was awakened in a very rude manner. The butt ends of half a dozen riding whips battered against his strong door and hoarse voices on the outside demanded admission.

Looking through a small window, the frontiersman saw half a dozen men sitting on their steaming horses.

Not knowing them, and not knowing the object of their visit, he hastily slipped on all his clothing and grasped his rifle before unbarring the door.

Massey was a very good man, but he had a stern, almost harsh countenance.

The moment he appeared one of the mounted men cried:

"I'll bet he's the chap. He looks just like a thief."

The backwoodsman turned fiercely on the speaker. His blood was up in less than a minute and he cocked his rifle with an angry snap.

"Hold on!" authoritatively said one man, who appeared to be the leader. "You can quarrel and fight when we get this business finished. See here, mister, where is your stable?"

"That shanty yonder," snapped Massey, who wondered what it all meant.

"Then unlock it, or we'll make no bones about smashing it in."

"It is always unlocked," said the brave frontiersman. "But who are you that insult a peaceable man?"

"We're the Cedarville Regulators," replied the leader. "There was a fine horse stolen in town, and we've tracked the animal and thief here, and here the trail has come to an end."

While he had been speaking one of the men had dashed to the stable, and in an instant came back the words:

"The horse is here!"

That was enough. Men of that sort did not stand to ask questions or argue points.

"Take him, my lads!" cried the leader, and backed by his men he threw himself upon Massey.

The latter understood his situation in an instant. He knew that through some plan, or else through some chance, the stolen horse had been placed in his stable, and on the evidence furnished on this circumstance these rough and ready regulators would not hesitate to hang him. Therefore, having no desire to die the death of a horse thief, he fought for liberty like a tiger.

But what could one man, however brave, do against numbers?

In a moment he was hurled to the ground.

Strong cords were passed around his hands and feet, and he lay bound and helpless upon the threshold of his own door.

And while the weeping wife was crying out for mercy to them they put Massey on the stolen horse and dashed away to Cedarville.

Bound down to the horse's back Massey passed over mile after mile, until from his rigid position and his swift passage through the cold air he became considerably chilled.

"Men," he said, for his tongue was free, "you are torturing an innocent man."

"Bah!" was the jeering reply.

"And even if I am guilty——"

He was going to make an appeal for mercy, when at that very instant there rang out a loud chorus of yells.

Like a whirlwind in the desert a band of Indians swept down upon them.

The horse to which Massey was bound had been traveling soberly along with the rest, not led, nor urged, but when the charge was made, and the bullets began to fly he kicked up his heels, snorted and rushed away at full speed, not caring for such hot quarters.

Like Mazeppa, bound to the wild horse of Tartary, Massey was borne away at a rapid rate, he knew not whither.

For over a mile the frightened animal ran on. Then he reached a piece of heavy timber land, and the frontiersman expected that he would moderate his speed, but still he rushed on with frightened bounds.

At length, however, the animal struck heavily against a tree; there was a severe shock, a ripping, tearing sound, and then the hunter flew from the back of the steed to the green sward.

The force with which he struck upon the hard earth deprived Massey of all sensibility.

His leg had come in contact with a very sharp-edged piece of bark, and the result was a gash from which the blood oozed forth in a tiny stream.

For perhaps an hour he lay there, as in a mazy dream, but half recovered from his stupor. Then a heavy paw touched him on the leg.

It brought him back to consciousness with a jump; a large gray wolf was over him.

Massey gave such a scream of genuine terror that the animal bounded away in perfect fright.

To his surprise, the hunter found that the shock had broken the cords that bound him. He bounded to his feet; the cold air revived him.

He saw the great wolf slinking away like a cowardly cur through the trees, and he felt a thrill of terror as he heard a long chorus of yelps coming from all sides. He looked down at the injured leg, saw the trickling blood and knew that the keen-scented animals had smelled his life current.

He glanced around him, mapped out his course in his mind, and then away he started for home.

Within two minutes' time there were fully twenty hungry wolves on his track.

Emboldened by numbers, the otherwise cowardly animals began to close in upon him.

Massey felt for his weapons. He had but a knife. Putting on his best speed, the settler ran on, casting many a backward glance at his four-footed foes.

Nearer and nearer came the yelling pack of wolves.

"Oh, if I had a gun I'd scare the wits out of them," muttered Massey. "Powder would scatter them. Never mind, I'll stretch some of them out before I go down."

An instant later the foremost ones of the pack were upon him. He turned with the knife in his hand, made a quick slash, and stretched the first wolf out, wounded.

In an instant the other wolves had torn their comrade to shreds, while the frontiersman ran fleetly on.

Brief respite. In less than two minutes the hungry demons were on his track.

Whirr! through the air sprang the largest animal in the pack and landed fairly on the hunter's back. His lolling tongue and hot breath touched Massey's cheek; the latter stabbed at him over his shoulder, striking him again and again, yet still he clung on, and his weight was bearing Massey down to the ground when—

Crack! the keen report of a rifle rang out, and the wolf dropped down dead, while the rest of the pack, at the discharge of firearms turned tail and ran.

And then Massey found that he was close to his cabin, and that it was his faithful wife who fired the shot.

The band of regulators were wiped out by the Indians, and as nobody else troubled themselves about the horse case, Morton Massey was left unmolested to live to a ripe old age and recount over and over the story of the frontiersman's escape.

THE CAVE-DWELLERS OF CHINA

Although the vast mobs which infest Peking and the larger cities of China are worked up to a state of frenzy and fanaticism, the great Chinese population proper is agricultural, and naturally extremely peaceful. Agriculture, however, is most primitive, and the wonder is how such an immense population can be supported from the soil until the great economy practiced in all things is understood. On the Great Plain of China every available foot of land is utilized for growing something, and every particle of fertility returned to the soil. Waters are used for irrigation, and in many cases laboriously distributed over the fields.

The Great Plain is about 700 miles in length, and varies from 200 to 400 miles in width, occupying the northeastern part of the empire, and containing over 200,000 square miles of wonderfully fertile soil. It supports a population of not less than 177,000,000 human beings, making it the most densely settled of any part of the world of the same size, its inhabitants numbering nearly two-thirds of the entire population of Europe.

A wonderful feature in the physical geography of China is the existence of a vast region of loess in this portion of the empire. Loess is a very solid but friable earth, brownish-yellow in color, and is found in many places from 500 to 1,000 feet deep. The loess hills rise in terraces from twenty to several hundred feet in height. The loess region of China is perhaps the most broken country in the world, with its sheer cliffs and upright walls, terraces and deep-cut ravines. Owing to the ease with which it can be worked, caves made at the bases of straight cliffs afford homes to millions of people in the densely populated northern provinces. Whole villages cluster together in carved-out chambers, some of which extend back more than 200 feet. The capabilities of defence in a country such as this, where an invading army must necessarily become lost and absolutely bewildered in the tangle of interlacing ways, and where the defenders always remain concealed or have innumerable means of escape, is peculiarly significant at this time, when consideration is being given to a conquest of China.

The rivers of China are her glory, and there are few countries in the world so well watered (and none other with such splendid natural water transportation facilities. The three great rivers of the Empire are the Yangtse-Kiang (child of the ocean), the Hoang Ho (Yellow River), and the Chu Kiang (Pearl River or Canton River). Of these the Yangtse is much the largest, flowing through extensive and fertile plains, and finally emptying into the Eastern Sea, after traversing a distance of over 2,000 miles. Its discharge is estimated at 1,000,000 cubic feet per second. The banks of the Yangtse are crowded with towns and villages, the most famous of which are Nankin and the new treaty port of Hankow. The Hoang Ho or Yellow River is noted especially for its frequent and violent floods. Its current is very rapid, and its course sinuous. The Pearl or Canton River, while not nearly so large as the others, is a stream of great importance, and innumerable vessels trade upon its waters. At some points it spreads into large lakes; in others it passes between narrow gorges, which, if dammed, would afford large storage capacity for irrigation. The Chinese, however, have not practically worked out irrigation in its different phases as completely as would be expected of such an agricultural people.

Irrigation, nevertheless, is practiced to a considerable extent through the use of the waters of the Grand Canal and by wells. The Grand or Imperial Canal is a work of great magnitude.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 16, 1920.

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GOOD CURRENT NEWS ARTICLES

A bottle of sweet cider was used by Miss Sallie M. Tucker of New York to christen the torpedo boat destroyer Preble, which was launched at the yards of the Bath Iron Works, March 8. The destroyer is named for Commodore Edward Preble of Portland, who served in the navy in the Civil War. Miss Tucker is his great-granddaughter.

Two big black bears are loose on Lindhurst Grounds, the country estate of Mrs. Finley J. Shepard at Tarrytown, N. Y. One of them chased Richard Murray, chauffeur for Mrs. Shepard, from Croton Aqueduct, about 500 feet away, to the estate and then disappeared in the bushes near the house.

Two bears also are reported camping on Caspar Whitney's estate, which adjoins Mrs. Shepard's on the south.

At the recent service night firing at Fort Winfield Scott, San Francisco, some excellent target results were secured. Using two 12-inch rifles on barbette mounts, and firing at a moving target at a range of 6,620 yards, 6½ hits were obtained out of 7 shots. The muzzle velocity of the shells was 2,055 feet per second. Another excellent record was made when two 6-inch rifles on disappearing carriages, using tracer shells, obtained twelve hits out of twenty shots. This practice was conducted at night under the handicap of the depleted personnel and composite companies—facts which rendered the result obtained particularly meritorious.

It was in 1916 that Congress appropriated \$11,000,000 to build a plant for the manufacture of armor for ships of the Navy, and the next year \$2,080,956 was appropriated for a projectile plant. Work was started August 30th, 1917, on a site of 207 acres at South Charleston, West Virginia. Excellent progress is being made, and the Navy will soon be in possession of what will probably be the

most up-to-date plant of its kind in existence. The open hearth building is 516 x 225 feet, in which armor plate ingots of a size up to 200 tons will be handled. The forge and furnace building is 604 x 477 feet, and it has two large wings containing furnaces, with the press between these wings. The armor ingots are forged on a 14,000-ton press, on which gun ingots are hollow forged into lengths up to 93 feet. The heat treatment building is 320 x 112 feet, and 176 feet in height. The machine shop building is 552 x 320 feet. The plant will be in a position to manufacture armor plate up to 20 inches in thickness, and guns and shells up to 20 inches caliber.

GRINS AND CHUCKLES

"Is your wife fond of going to church?" "Yes; but she likes for the sermon to match her skirt in regard to length."

Rubb—What was the worst mistake you made in the army? Dubb—The time I called the captain boss and hit him for a raise.

Wife—Jim, I've invited one of my old beaux to dinner. Do you mind? Hub—Why, no. I always like to meet lucky people.

"No more horse thieves in Crimson Gulch?" "No more," answered Cactus Joe. "We have progressed with the times. We have all kinds of automobile thieves."

A pupil in a school near Chatham Square, New York City, thus defined the word "spine": "A spine is a long, limber bone. Your head sets on one end and you set on the other."

Esther, returning from her first day at school, was asked by her mother: "How do you like school?" "Oh, school is very nice, but I don't think my teacher knows very much. She could not read my writing."

The teacher had written 92.7 on the blackboard, and to show the effect of multiplying by ten rubbed out the decimal point. She then turned to the class and said: "Now, Mary, where is the decimal point?" "On the duster, miss," replied Mary, without hesitation.

"Hello! Is this Mr. Jigson?" "Yes." "This is Smith. Can I borrow your auto for this afternoon?" "Why, no. I shouldn't think think you'd have the face to ask for it." "I haven't. That's why I'm asking over the phone."

Mother—Johnny, did you go and ask Mrs. Naybor for the loan of her washtub, as I told you? Johnny—Yes, mther. She said she is very sorry, but the bands of the tub are loose and the bottom is out and it is full of soap water.

GOOD READING

WOLVES IN BARNYARD

Two timber wolves were killed on the farm of John Zerr at St. Peters, Mo., four miles north of St. Charles. Zerr and Frank Wiechens, a farmer, were standing in the barnyard on the Zerr farm when they saw a wolf run out of a timber lot near the barn and kill several chickens. Wiechens had a gun and killed the wolf as it was crossing the lot. As there had been evidence of a number of wolves in the vicinity Zerr and Wiechens went to St. Peter's to organize a posse. While there they received word from Mrs. Zerr that another wolf was in the barnyard. Accompanied by several men they went back and Zerr shot the wolf, making a total of seven killed in that neighborhood in the past month.

GIRLS WANT TO WEAR SOCKS

Newcomb College girls are in revolt as a result of a ruling by the faculty of the college against their wearing socks or rolling their stockings down while dressed in bloomers or abbreviated skirts. The socks or stockings can be rolled below the knees only when their skirts go a sufficient distance below the knee.

Another rule forbids girls to leave the campus in a gymnasium suit, and another any extreme dances, such as "cheek to cheek," "camel walk," "shimmy" and others. Any girl who violates these rules will have her name read before the student body. The girls are up in the air and say they won't stand for it and have called a meeting of all classes.

ROB SEA OF RICH TREASURE

Sunken treasure worth \$250,000,000 has been raised around the British Isles since the war began. The Restorer and the Reliant, two salvaging vessels bought from the American Navy, were used, and each has a new device, an oxy-acetylene flame, which is worked under water for cutting holes in the sides of submerged vessels.

Each ship has twenty-five electric pumps capable of pumping 1,000,000 gallons of water an hour, and carries two divers, searchlights, line throwing guns, electric welding plants, rock drills and other accessories. Each diver is equipped with a telephone.

The Restorer recovered \$5,000,000 in gold from the Laurentic off Lough Swilly last year. Both vessels are now operating off Newhaven, on the Channel Coast.

SOLDIERS TO RAISE PIGS

Washington, March 15.—The vocational training in the army has been extended to include courses in agriculture and animal husbandry. These features will be put into partial operation at once. This an-

nouncement was authorized by the War Department in connection with the recruiting drive which ended March 31.

An army school that will teach enlisted men how to raise cows, pigs and chickens and train them in the general duties of farm management is to be started at Charleston, S. C., headquarters of the Southeastern Department. This school will be under the direction of Dr. E. M. Ranck, development expert in animal husbandry, who will act as civilian adviser to the department commander. According to present plans, live stock will be purchased for the school by experts, and each camp will have a small herd of good dairy cows, pure bred hogs, sheep, beef cattle, chickens and stands of bees.

\$750 SAFES TO GUARD LIQUOR

When you next visit a wealthy friend in New Orleans, if he leads you into a quiet room in his residence, stops before a huge steel burglar-proof and fire-proof safe and starts working the combination—well, he's not going to show you the family jewels. Nor his Liberty bonds for that matter. That safe holds something far more valuable than gems and securities. You can buy them any old time you happen to have the price. But money can't buy the stuff those chilled-steel walls house.

For weeks past, at an average of one sale a week, the Coats Safe and Lock Company, Ltd., has been selling Orleanians a special safe designed for the sole purpose of guarding the private stock of liquor that has assumed untold value. A six-foot man can stand upright inside the steel box. It is filled with specially made wooden racks in which the precious bottled sunshine is closely packed.

And each safe costs \$750.

"Pretty high price to safeguard even liquor, isn't it?" the manager of the safe company was asked.

"Oh, no," said he. "You see, this safe holds four and a half barrels of liquor, bottled. There's 60 gallons to a barrel. That's 1080 quarts of liquor. And really good liquor was worth about \$10 a quart as far back as last June. So you see the safe costing \$750 holds \$10,800 worth of liquor. The man who valued his private stock enough to make an investment that heavy, doesn't look at \$750 as too high a price to pay. Sometimes several men pool their funds and keep their stock in the same safe. Then, after the private stock is gone, you can use the safe for furs or costly clothing or other valuable household property. You see, they're fireproof as well as burglar-proof.

Every safe that we've sold for this purpose has been delivered after dark!"

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

MAPLE SAP FOR SOFT DRINKS

Boys and girls of Vincennes, Ind., are not worried about the advance in the price of pop and are defying the proprietors of soft drink places where sundaes and sodas have advanced in price and they are placing bottles on the smaller limbs of the maple trees at night and the next morning the bottles are filled with "sugar water." In one yard a large maple tree is filling thirty pint bottles formerly used for beer.

ENLISTED MEN BURIED AT ARLINGTON CEMETERY

Five enlisted men, one from the 93d and another from the 216th Aero Squadrons, the others from the 162d, 163d, and 327th Infantry, who died in England while in the Service, and whose bodies were recently received at Hoboken, N. J., were buried with military honors at Arlington Cemetery on March 5. This was the second burial at Arlington of American soldiers who died while in the Service in the World War, the first being when two soldiers who died in Russia were interred there.

EXCITEMENT IN WALES AS GOLD IS FOUND

Will Wales prove to be the gold field of Great Britain? is the query that is agitating miners and stock brokers just now, following the discovery of another gold vein at the Clogau mine at Bontddu, near Barmouth, Wales.

New machinery has been hurried to the mine, and the foreman of the men received a gift of \$50, while the miners each received \$25 as a token of appreciation from the owners.

This is the second time that gold has been discovered in this mine, a strike having been made last August. Godfrey Isaacs, of Marconi wireless fame, is managing director of the mines, and it is stated that so far gold to the value of over \$300,000 has been taken from it.

KAISER'S KIN STARTS A ROUGH HOUSE

The fashionable Adlon Hotel dining room has been the scene of a rough and tumble fight between Prince Joachim Albrecht of Prussia, a cousin of the former German Emperor, and his guests, and Capts. Klein and Roughevin and Mme. Klein, members of the French mission. The hostilities came when the French refused to stand while the orchestra was playing "Deutschland ueber Alles."

Joachim and his friends hurled candles, crockery and other things at the French party, and Capt. Roughevin was beaten and had his clothes torn. Capt. Klein was escorted out of the dining room by waiters, who defended him.

The episode apparently was planned by Joachim.

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Photo when bald.



From recent photo.

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At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialists' treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian "medicine man" who had an elixir that he asseverated would grow my hair. Although I had but little faith, I gave it a trial. To my amazement a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a healthy growth, and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my youthful days. That I was astonished and happy is expressing my state of mind mildly. Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious pomade. I negotiated for and came into possession of the principle for preparing this mysterious elixir, now called Kotalko, and later had the recipe put into practical form by a chemist. That my own hair-growth was permanent has been amply proved. Many men and women, also children, have reported satisfactory results from Kotalko.

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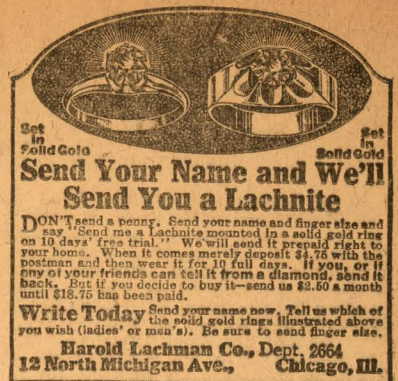
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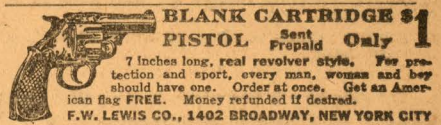


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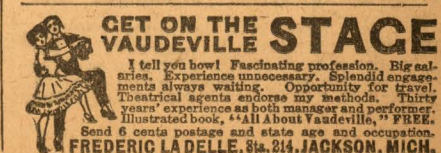


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